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THE

VILLAGE

OF

MARIENDORPT.

VOL. II.

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THE

VILLAGE

OF

MARIENDORPT.

A TALE.

BY

MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER,

AUTHOR OF THE FAST OF ST. MAGDALEN, KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN, &c. &c. &c.

My son! My son!
Do I behold thy face? Oh, fold thine arms
Around me, clasp me to thy bosom, lean
Thy cheek 'gainst my fond cheek, and shade my breast
With the thick ringlets of thy clustering hair!
* * * *
What shall I say to thee, — how tell thee all?
POTTER'S *Euripides.*

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE VILLAGE OF MARIENDORPT.

CHAPTER I.

A DISCOVERY of a far different kind was made, when led to them by Rupert, he naturally mentioned the touching instance of brute attachment, which he had so recently witnessed. The tears these ladies were shedding in forebodings for the fate of Madame Krazau's brother, were suspended by sudden hope at first mention of the dog. Their eager ques-

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tions interrupted Aremberg: he became unwilling to answer. But the younger lady extorting a reply which rendered suspense intolerable, flew out of the apartment they were in, to that where he said the body of the unfortunate stranger was laid, and by shrieks of despair testified the truth of her suspicion.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the woful scenes which followed. Great constitutional weakness in the elder lady, and ungovernable sensibility in the younger, rendered their grief violent; so that neither Aremberg nor Rupert knew how to quit them.

Aremberg saw with kind compassion of human frailty, that the very creature who had thought little of her own life, while her benefactress was in danger,—who had stripped herself of needful covering, to increase the warmth of her friend, was unable to restrain a single sob, though by doing so, she might prevent the continuance of that danger-

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ous sorrow, which threatened a feeble invalid with instant death.

He tried to make her sensible of this inconsistency, by the gentlest admonitions: but she was escaped totally from herself. So, hoping that by complete indulgence such feelings would exhaust themselves, he withdrew with Rupert, leaving her and Madame Krazau to lament over a friend and favourite; while they went to minister to other sufferers, now scantily coming in, from different boats.

Thus passed the day till night came; when the friends found only a corner of the sanded kitchen unoccupied. Gladly did they choose this for their bed; gratefully did they thank Heaven for having made them instrumental in the relief of nearly all the persons they saw around them. Yet their feelings were sad still: for many of those persons were lamenting with sighs and tears, the fate of wives, children, or parents.

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Wearied in body, as afflicted in spirit, both Aremberg and Rupert at length found rest on their hard pillow.

Their sleep was broken and unrefreshing: for their disturbed imaginations continued to present detached parts of the painful scenes they had just witnessed. Aremberg dreamt that he heard again the tremendous rushing of the waters, and the dismal howling of the dog; and that all those grey birds which he discerned through the faint glimpses of the moon, hovering between sky and wave, were the spirits of the drowned.

Rupert, with a sensibility directed more to individuals, thought he felt the cold clasp of the child he had saved, and heard at the same moment the emphatic farewell of Aremberg, and the shriek of Adolpha Falkenberg over the body of her friend.

That fancied shriek awoke him in the morning: he looked round, and saw all in the kitchen still sleeping; all but one

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poor widow, who sat silently leaning her head against the wall, weeping the loss of an only son.

Her desolation of soul, which no efforts of his could alter, and for which he had no comfort to give, except heart-felt sympathy, saddened Rupert for the remainder of the day; and made the despair of Adolpha appear less affecting.

This despair, however, sunk by degrees into the just measure of sorrow: and Adolpha, while she wept her own loss, often blamed herself for not endeavouring to soothe the grief of greater sufferers.

She prayed her cousin to undertake the sad task of seeing the remains of her early friend honourably interred, according to his rank of Admiral in the Danish navy; and she gave him all the instructions and authority from Madame Krazau, necessary for that purpose.

Permission from his commanding officer was first to be obtained for Rupert, ere he could promise this: he wrote there-

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fore the particulars to Count Cratzenstein, soliciting time for such attention to these unhappy ladies.

The letter found all at head-quarters, in motion to join other nearer detachments from their body, who were already gone out to assist the sufferers on the low-lands. Forgetting past misunderstanding, the Swedish soldiers, excited by the example of their officers, and by spontaneous humanity, hastened to put off on rafts and boats, to carry provisions even into Jutland; offering their services to assist in repairing the vast embankments broken down by this memorable flood, so soon as the waters should subside.

For several days therefore, Rupert was able to remain near his poor cousin, inspecting the preparations for the admiral's funeral; while Aremberg exercised the privilege of his sacred profession, in soothing the sorrow of Madame Krazau. He could speak of as violent and legitimate a sorrow felt by himself, and of the

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sweet solace he had tried to find for it, in friendship and religion. With such balsam did he assuage the pain of a wound, only to be closed by the hand of time.

The wind having first fallen, and then blown strongly from the north-west, in the space of a few days cleared the whole flooded country from the waters. They sank by degrees lower and lower; till at last, having wholly subsided, the wide ruin was disclosed; and such a scene of desolation and death presented itself, that the roughest natures melted at the sight.

Rupert who had so lately acquainted himself with every part of this unhappy country, now stood aghast at its total change.

Churches, bridges, and other public edifices, some entire, some half-demolished, were removed to other situations; while the towns and villages to which

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they had belonged, lay in shapeless heaps.

Broken dykes, stranded ships, uprooted woods, all the implements of art and husbandry, cattle and domestic animals; every thing, in short, necessary to the pursuits and enjoyments of life, along with the bodies of their former owners, were scattered over this dismal waste. It seemed like the wreck of some great armament; and as Rupert beheld it, the idea of what all those dead persons must have suffered, smote upon his heart.

But the feeling was too strong for tears, the destruction too amazing; so that he wept not; till as he slowly walked forwards, one detached object, a dead mother lying with her infant locked in her arms, touched a thousand tender springs, and at once opened the source of tears.

Rupert had often seen fields of battle strewed with the dead and dying; he had surveyed them with anguish amount-

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ing to frenzy; for such scenes he knew had their origin in man's passions; and as such, were voluntary. But the one before him proceeded immediately from the decrees of Providence; and fearful of questioning the justice of those unsearchable decrees, he repressed the excessive pity which wrought within him, and turned pensively away.

A sudden blaze of light startled, and caused him to stop. He looked up, and saw the whole heavens illuminated by the Aurora Borealis. From its first low and horizontal line of pale lustre, the silver beams of this beautiful phenomenon, shot east and west, with quick and quivering motion; then strengthening by degrees, after every interval of momentary darkness, they rose into gigantic and dazzling flashes; darting their streams of liquid fire upwards into the blue depths of ether, where they were extinguished for a-while, only to be followed by yet brighter and wider illuminations. The splendour of

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such heavens, contrasted with such an earth, was certainly more awful than gloom; and this appearance being hitherto unknown to Rupert, except from books, and now beheld for the first time during a period of great calamity, impressed him rather with feelings of its solemnity, than its magnificence; it seemed the visible finger of the Most High, writing his awful will in the fire of Heaven; and thrilling again with this imagination, Rupert returned to his humble lodging.

The same agony of compassion and woful sight, the next day, had a happy effect upon the minds of Madame Krazau and Adolpha; it preached patience to them, with as many tongues as there lay disfigured dead before them. And when they heard the few distracted survivors, calling aloud on the names of parents, brethren, husbands, and children, while wandering through the dismal heaps where lay those tender relations, all cold

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and senseless, they raised their streaming eyes to Heaven, and admitted that they were mercifully dealt with, who had lost but one.

When the preparations for the Admiral's funeral were completed, Madame Krazau and Adolpha removed to Rendsberg, where they had friends willing to receive them, and where the mournful ceremony was to take place.

They left to Rupert the office of liberally rewarding the good fisherman who had assisted in saving their lives; and of distributing the pecuniary relief in their power to afford, to such as had lost all but life in the flood.

He executed both these commissions with joyful readiness; because his own means of rewarding and relieving, were blanks; and because Aremberg's were already exhausted.

Having fulfilled these pleasing duties, and paid his humbler quota in tearful commiseration, he followed his friend,

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whose office was to conduct the unhappy ladies to Rendsberg.

The Admiral was buried with due honours, in the great church, attended by every officer of the Swedish garrison there; after which, the grief of his surviving friends assumed a milder aspect.

In these calmer hours, Rupert found opportunities to acquaint himself with his cousin's history: to tell her his own and his mother's; and to discover that she was quite worthy of their relationship.

Adolpha, it has been said before, immediately upon her father's death, was adopted by her godmother, a maiden lady, who lived with a single brother. Never marrying, and having no near relations, both brother and sister considered her as their daughter.

The peculiar circumstances of Madame Roselheim were but imperfectly known to these excellent people, and Adolpha was a child, when that lady's misfortunes

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began; so that being in different countries, without opportunities of epistolary intercourse, they merely knew that each other existed.

Adolpha had never been told that her father's niece was in straitened circumstances; and Madame Roselheim believing her in affluent ones, or in expectation of such, felt extreme repugnance to bring herself to her recollection. More especially did she feel this for her son, when he went with the army into Denmark; and delicately afraid of being misinterpreted by Adolpha's protectors, should she seek to throw in the way of their heiress, a young and pleasing man, she forbore to give him a commission to find her out.

Not only Rupert, but his graver friend, were greatly interested in Adolpha. They had first seen her in the trying situations of personal danger, and of sudden grief; and though she certainly carried the latter to blameable excess, its

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cause was so just, and she had so visibly repressed the former while anxious to preserve her protectress, and to give place to their deliverer, that it was impossible not to acknowledge that greatness of mind was mixed in her with woman's weakness.

Rupert indeed thought there was no extravagance of feeling in the many tears she gave to his mother's story, and to the history of Aremberg's blighted life. That Adolpha could be so deeply interested in the widowed heart of his friend, and the virtues of his mother, without being still more interested in himself, never entered his mind; he sought but to heighten her pity and admiration of both these cherished objects, and to increase his own delightful emotions of affection and admiration of her.

Aremberg pitied and esteemed Adolpha too; what she thought of them, it is superfluous to enlarge upon. She owed to both, equal gratitude, and she had first

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beheld them under circumstances, which made both appear equally admirable. It was she, who had prevented Rupert from falling when removing from the communion table, where Aremberg was performing the most sacred office of our religion.

She now recalled herself to their recollection, by an amiable remark upon the interest they had excited in her, and the concern she felt at not being able to learn their names; the recognition was agreeable to all.

Madame Krazau was a woman of limited powers, silent, but not cold; always glad to see her preservers, and sincere in her few expressions of unutterable obligation to them. For, whatever long sickness and late sorrow had spared in her, was good and kind; but she was so enfeebled by perpetual ill health, that casual observers might have supposed that society insupportable to her, for which she was amiably thankful at heart.

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The admiral had been of a higher order of character; and, Adolpha owing the most to his judicious superintendence of her education, evidently lamented him with greater grief than she would have done his sister in similar circumstances. She frequently indulged herself in recalling his kindness to her, and repeating their unconscious parting for the last time, when he went accompanied by his faithful dog, from their home, (now a shapeless heap of stones,) to spend a day and night at a distant neighbour's. While Adolpha repeated this, and wept for the good admiral, she wept also for his dumb companion, about whose neck she had so often hung in playful fondness, while a child; and she loved to think, that he was decently laid in the garden of their friend at Rendsberg, where she might sometimes see the spot, and give it a tear.

When she asked Aremberg if this would be wrong, only an indulgent smile and a glistening eye replied to her.

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During the two weeks which past between the memorable night of the inundation, and the day on which the Swedish troops amicably resigned their places to those of Denmark, and began their march for Upper Saxony, daily visits to Madame Krazau made Rupert well acquainted, not only with her kindly feelings towards him, but with her future plans.

Her brother's will, which she knew to be in his lawyer's possession at Copenhagen, she knew also, made her inheritress of his alienable property, an estate in Alsace, which he held in right of their mother; and, as Adolpha was to inherit this after her death, Madame Krazau spoke of taking her thither the ensuing spring, promising therefore, to turn out of their road a little, when they did so, to see Madame Roselheim, and make her young cousin known to her.

Rupert, though not likely to profit himself by this arrangement, was delighted to find his mother would; and

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his uncle Melchior, who was present when this plan was proposed, warmly seconded his expressions of pleasure on the occasion.

Colonel Roselheim, rough and careless as he seemed, was not quite unobservant of certain things, when they might agreeably influence the destiny of persons dear to him; and having frequently accompanied Rupert and Aremberg in their daily visits to Madame Krazau, put his own interpretation upon the sudden suffusion of Adolpha's cheeks whenever they entered.

There was an increasing flutter too, in her voice and manner at every additional visit; and such an evident interest in all the movements of the Swedish army; and such a passionate longing to see that relation whom she had so long lived, without thinking of; and such changing of colour now they were all parting; such choking of sighs, and half uttered hopes and fears of meeting again; such

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hysterical attempts at cheerfulness, that he shrewdly conjectured her future happiness, and future fortune, were at the disposal of her cousin.

He said this too bluntly to Rupert, as they all went away together; for Aremberg reproved him for it with more severity than was usual with him: and though the latter remembered, that when Adolpha's hand was transferred from Rupert's to his, as they said farewell, its agueish touch had absolutely thrilled him; though he did not deny the existence of all the signs, upon which Melchior grounded his assertion of Adolpha's taken heart; he gently reminded him, that the secret of a woman's affection, so long as it only betrays itself by appearances over which she has no control, ought ever to remain one, to a man of honour. "Well! well!" laughed the colonel, "we'll keep her secret amongst us then. I only recommend Rupert, who has been all this time, I dare say, in sentimental despair; for

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your young lovers regularly begin by despair, don't they? Confidence, or even hope, would be high treason against romance; of course, I say, I recommend Rupert to keep a sharp look out for the elderly spinster's demise; when Adolpha, with her fine shape, and her fine eyes, and her fine manners, will have a fine fortune to boot; and if she once makes him master of that, he may make his mother happy, and a score others beside: the idea's not a bad one, is it Rupert?"

Surprised and confounded by this assertion of a woman's attachment, Rupert answered, something, nothing; and, turning aside with a cheek-glow and a heart-glow, the meaning of which he wanted time to understand himself, broke at once from his uncle and his friend, and hurried to his own quarters.

There, whatever feelings were revolved by him, had free way; for even Aremberg did not come to disturb them; and

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he was sitting still absorbed in confused, rather than deep thought, when the sudden blast of the trumpet roused him to military duties.

His part in these was well and quickly executed; after which he mounted his charger, (which his cousin had one day between a smile and a sigh, named after the Admiral's faithful dog;) and falling into the line of march, bade adieu to Holstein.

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CHAP. II.

The years which carried Rupert forward, from youth to manhood, had not passed vainly or mournfully at Mariendorpt.

Meeta was no longer merely an animated, affectionate child; she was become an intellectual and interesting young woman: her affections, if less eloquent and enthusiastic than when she was a little girl, were deeper and more concentrated; increasing delicacy of feeling taught her to veil even her best sensibilities; increasing knowledge made her afraid of betraying ignorance, or showing presumption; and consequently every day she seemed to grow more self-

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doubting, and less venturesome of her opinions and sentiments. Her complete acquaintance with Madame Roselheim's domestic history; her own ripening age, and expanding character, gave her a title to the latter's fullest confidence; so that this friend now conversed as freely with her upon every topic, as she would have done with her father.

Thus insensibly receiving in those discourses with the tenderest and best of womankind, lessons of just feeling, and excelling virtues, Meeta by degrees transplanted many of those perfections into her own bosom; thus becoming better fitted to sympathise in every sentiment of the friend she admired as fervently as she loved.

To talk of her absent son, with Meeta, to read to her his letters, to fancy with her the secrets of his future life, to cultivate in her a sister's partiality for him, was the first of Madame Roselheim's plea-

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sures; and Meeta was as ingenuously eager so to regard him.

If she ever suspected the justice of a mother's praises, she could not doubt those of her calm-judging father; nor yet the enthusiasm of Esther: since the latter confessed, that at first she considered Rupert with a suspicious eye on his father's account, till his perfect amiableness at length vanquished even her prejudice.

It was not in Esther's breast only, that Rupert had secured himself a place, from that sweet playfulness, and uniform kindliness of manner, which is the most captivating of graces among our humbler associates, so long as it is coupled with becoming self-respect.

His remembrance was cherished by all the inhabitants of Mariendorpt, high and low; every one had something to tell or to show in evidence of Rupert's amiable character. Play-things made for

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the children, drawings for the old people, recipes copied for good housewives, and lace-patterns invented and pricked out for their daughters.

Simple as these kindnesses were, still they deserved their name; for Rupert in doing them, sacrificed the time he would otherwise have given to higher pursuits, or to recreations better suited to his own taste; and Meeta had judgment enough to feel their value.

Prone to right affections, it was with redoubled pleasure, therefore, that she yielded herself to those favourable representations of a young man whom circumstances placed almost in the relation of a brother towards her.

Aremberg's letters to Muhldenau stamped the worth of Rupert's to his mother; by assuring them that their young friend's conduct was answerable to his professed sentiments.

All these letters, read in common at the breakfast table, seemed to make their

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two writers parts of the dear domestic circle still; and thus associating the images of both, with her most familiar and happy moments, Meeta thought of the one as a friend endeared by sorrow, and of the other as a brother endeared by delightful expectations.

On the subject of her past life, Madame Roselheim occasionally talked with Meeta, rather to express her thankfulness for the unexpected restoration of part of her happiness, than to enlarge upon that which it was impossible to have restored. Avoiding the years of her married life, she loved to recall those of her childhood; to paint the wild and savage grandeur of her native mountains; and to repeat such anecdotes of her countrymen during the period of the troubles, as by exciting admiration of the higher virtues, often prompts the youthful hearer to emulate their spirit hereafter.

Meeta had never been out of Holland since she was an infant, so that her ideas

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of the landscapes of other countries, were indistinct and confused; perhaps they were only the more sublime for this incertitude. Vague pictures of unscaleable mountains, and unfathomed vallies; of thundering cataracts, and shoreless oceans; vast solitudes where human voice was never heard to sound — passed like drifting clouds across her fancy. Sometimes she saw these visions embodied in dreams at night; and by day, she often tried to retain their fleeting images with her pencil: but her hand could not paint like her imagination; and she was forced to sigh over the vanishing pageant, as we sometimes gaze after, and regret the dissolving scenery of an evening sky.

In common with all persons of great sensibility, Meeta had a vivid fancy; and this delightful, yet dangerous quality, not only employed itself in picturing the places celebrated in story for their own romantic appearance, or for being

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the scene of memorable actions; but delighted in decorating the appearance and manners of persons whose reputations had made them interesting to her.

Of Rupert, therefore, she had long painted a marvellous portrait; endowing him with those nearly supernatural graces, with which her father had said the Count of Rhinegravestein was gifted: and innocently pleasing herself with the belief that she should behold in him, the reality of all those noble descriptions of manly beauty which she met with in the poem of her favourite Tasso.

It was nearly impossible for Meeta to refrain from coupling agreeable ideas with the image of Rupert; since she was sensible that to him she was indebted for a great addition to the happiness of her home. His union with his mother had diffused a sort of sunshine over the house, which, though occasionally shaded by natural anxieties for his present safety,

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and future prosperity, was yet in the main animated; and formed a pleasureable contrast with its former placid, and rather mournful atmosphere.

Occupied more with hopes for her son, than regrets about her husband, (now her living knowledge of that son substituted the one deep interest in place of the other,) something of Madame Roselheim's youth returned; and Meeta often saw that beautiful countenance shining with benevolent pleasure, which hitherto she had never beheld unshaded by sadness.

Hope, indeed, may almost be entitled the source of youth. While we retain that principle vividly within us, either for ourselves or others, our hearts and our looks may bid defiance to time: take it away, and even the young in years, become to the eye, and in the soul, prematurely old.

Of her own unfolding beauty, Meeta as yet never thought: for though at

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eighteen, she had more than one ardent or awe-struck lover, she cared not for any of them; consequently had no tender motive for anxious scrutiny of her own attractions.

Meeta, however, was strikingly beautiful; although her features, upon examination, were found to be merely in soft harmony with each other, and not perhaps, in strict conformity with the rules of classical art.

Her shape and complexion were such as we should expect to find in an inhabitant of Arcadia: and when Meeta was fourteen, her beauty was purely of a pastoral sort; but, as her tastes and sensibilities strengthened, and took a fixed direction, it assumed a higher and more poetical character.

Like her countenance, her manners had a charm peculiarly their own: unlike the looks and manners of modern life, it is true, yet without any strangeness. Modest without embarrassment; digni-

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fied yet courteous; shunning general society, but playful, animated, enthusiastic, and interesting by turns, amongst those she loved; she reminded the romance reader, of such fair ladies as sat in their lonely bower in the days of the Troubadours, singing to their lutes, the praises of heroes.

Her father often used to tell her so; adding with a smile of partial fondness, that she was out of place in a Dutch Parsonage, and that she ought to have been born among romantic mountains, in a solitary castle, where none but knights or persecuted damsels should ever have presented themselves.

But Meeta, with a sweet smile, and sweeter caress, would immediately make him confess, that she never appeared more in her place, than when beaming her humid eyes, and extending her hospitable attentions, round their little parlour, filled with the simple, warm-hearted parishioners of her venerated father.

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Meeta's own quarrel with herself was with what many envied, — her complexion.

When her young companions complained that it dressed her as with a flower garland, and so threw their gala attire into shade, she would call it her unfeeling complexion; and lament with eyes of such thrilling sensibility as might well have redeemed a robust one, that it deprived her of pity and sympathy, by scarcely varying with her health and spirits. But her father beheld it with fond pleasure and grateful confidence. As he walked by her side in winter, to evening service, he observed with secret joy, that the biting cold which either coarsened, or entirely blanched the faces of others, served only to refine the pure white of hers, and to exalt the clear red of her cheeks and lips.

So transparently fair had been the skin of her mother; but, alas! never

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had any bloom, except the hectic of fever shone through its delicate crystal!

How doubly beautiful, therefore, in a father's eyes, was that living vermillion, which announced the health, while it constituted the beauty of his sole surviving child!

Occupied with the improvement of her serious powers of mind, Muhldenau left the culture of her lighter ones to the female friend best calculated to foster them. — Wisely solicitous to make his daughter good and happy, rather than to educate her for the astonishment of her own sex, and the disgust of the other, he forebore to teach Meeta those abstruse branches of knowledge, and forgotten languages, which are rarely demanded by a woman's destiny, and which when she is known to possess them, excite envy, or fear, or aversion in her less gifted companions.

It was sufficient, in his opinion, that she should just know enough of such

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subjects, not to pretend to any part in the discussion of them, with more informed persons: a modesty of which utter ignorance is seldom capable.

Of modern languages, in addition to the French and Italian, he taught her those of Germany and England: the first, because it was his native tongue, and she might one day be happily called to use it; and the latter, because familiarized with their writers, in the Library of Heidelberg, he had learned to consider them as the noblest teachers of a pure morality.

History; what is called the Belles Lettres; and parts of natural philosophy, constituted the residue of their studies. On Madame Roselheim devolved the agreeable task of instructing Meeta in music.

The parsonage at Mariendorpt did not boast the luxury of any musical instrument; but the donation of an organ to the church, by Mr. Vanderhoven, at

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once afforded means, and a motive. Madame Roselheim did not fail to improve these: and Meeta soon learnt to mix her youthful voice, skillfully as sweetly with its majestic tones.

From that moment, it became her office to lead the vocal part of their church service; and she performed it with perfect simplicity of heart, thoughtless of display, as of observation.

Madame Roselheim's other instructions were the amusements of their social evenings; fine works and drawings: and these, devoted to sale at distant places through the medium of a third person, rose above the rank of amusing occupations, adding, as they did, to their common fund for their own, and their yet poorer neighbours' emergencies.

The agitating incidents of her father's life, and the more extraordinary ones of Madame Roselheim's, together with the general complexion of public events at this period, tended to give a tincture of

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romance to Meeta's mind, which nothing else immediately around her was calculated to produce.

The scythe of Revolution had passed over the neighbouring country of England; and two princes of that unfortunate family to which her father still remained attached by the truest loyalty, were bearing arms there, for its king, their uncle. Accustomed to hear him talk of these young warriors and their royal mother, with the deep interest of personal knowledge, public news became a succession of private joys or griefs to Meeta; and her heart soon learnt to beat as anxiously for the amiable, mistaken Charles, for his Queen, his family, and his adherents, as though she had seen and known them all.

The same kind of feeling quickened her desire to see the Queen of Bohemia, and that brave Englishman, in whose person the brightest days of chivalric virtue had long been revived.

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Lord Craven's devotion of life and fortune to the fortunes of Frederick V. and his Queen, Muhldenau often told her, began in the noble sacrifice of an early passion for the latter, when Princess of England.

Aware of the strength of that passion, the magnanimous lover had felt that it could only be extinguished by a higher order of attachment; by one which should identify in his heart, the happy husband with the tender bride: hailing, therefore, with melancholy joy, the moment in which their misfortunes allowed him publicly to devote himself to both, he quitted England; joined them in Prague; fought, bled, suffered for them and theirs; spent his youth and estate in their service; and found the sublimest happiness on earth, in thus extracting from love, all earthy particles, and leaving only its pure and celestial essence.

Adhering to the fortunes and shattered court of the widowed Queen, Lord Craven

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continued long to excite public speculation; the vulgar, incapable of understanding such rare disinterestedness, profaned the nature of his feelings, and pronounced him secretly married to the royal widow. But Muhldenau knew both their hearts better: and pleased to animate his daughter's admiration of the higher virtues; conscious that the standard of morals can never be raised too high, in a world where every thing tends to pluck it down; he willingly yielded to her wish, of taking her to behold this extraordinary pair.

Ever since his settlement at Mariendorpt, it had been Muhldenau's custom to pay an annual visit of duty to the Queen, to enjoy the mournful pleasure of talking with her over past years, and informing himself of the health and prospects of her numerous offspring; and on all these occasions, the Queen never failed to make the most gratifying enquiries concerning his family. Having, at one of these times, expressed a wish to

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see his daughter, he brought her for a few days to the Hague.

That visit Meeta never forgot.

Although much disappointed in the remaining beauty of a woman who had been the object of so many romantic passions, (for others had adored her as well as Lord Craven, but not so long and nobly,) Meeta was inexpressibly interested by her manners and countenance. The stamp of extraordinary afflictions deeply felt, but greatly supported, was on her face: it was grave rather than sad; and though the fire of her large dark eyes was quite subdued, those eyes seemed to have been long unused to tears.

Her countenance, therefore, was less touching than that of Madame Roselheim; but it was more majestic. Their fates perhaps caused this striking difference: the Queen's many sorrows had proceeded from enemies; Madame Roselheim's, from the hand she loved.

Meeta required only to see the Queen

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with Lord Craven for a single instant, to become convinced that she was still the magnanimous and faithful widow of the husband of her youth; and he, heroically devoted to Frederick's memory, and to her virtues.

Meeta brought back from this visit many interesting subjects of conversation for the evenings at Mariendorpt; and vividly describing all she saw there, as all she felt; ingenuously confessing where she had been disappointed, and whence her greatest gratifications had flowed; she enabled Madame Roselheim to apply her gentle correctives to the excesses of enthusiasm and imagination, and to sanction with fond pleasure those juster and tenderer feelings, founded upon truth and actual experience.

The subject of the Palatine family naturally revived all the particulars of Muhldenau's private history, in the mind of his daughter; and though she forbore to afflict him by talking over its most

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grievous parts, she often shed tears in Madame Roselheim's presence, over the melancholy fates of her mother and her infant sister.

Such tears, tributary to the departed worth we know only by the memorials which it has left behind, or given to the budding promise of a thing that would have been dear to us,—such tears, are Heaven's dews on youth: they foster and ripen its best qualities It is for those which actual calamity calls forth, for those which gush from us in grief for the loss of long-loved, long-tried objects; it is for them to overwhelm the heart at once, and lay it waste.

Meeta, as yet, had known such tears only when she shed them over the grave of Eustatia Vanderhoven: but four years were passed since then; and every year, had brought with it fresh improvement in her situation and character; so that her capacity for, and means of happiness, increased together.

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One of the happiest moments of her life, was that in which Madame Roselheim received the account of her son's solemn renunciation of a religion, against which, Meeta secretly indulged the most perfect horror.

Acquainted with none of its enlightened and virtuous professors, and retaining the powerful impression of her first feelings in the recital of her father's and maternal friend's sufferings from persons of this persuasion, she considered the whole race of Catholics as persecutors and bigots; even while her reason assented to her mild and experienced father's tolerant spirit towards them.

Her transports on this momentous occasion, was proportionately great. But what were her transports to those of a mother, widely acquainted with all the importance of this change, both here and hereafter, to the sole object of her earthly cares!

Madame Roselheim, long inured to

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suffering, and even in her last rapturous surprise, feeling many a pang that moderated it, could not support the sudden pressure of such a weight of joy as the present; and her oppressed heart, rather than her constitution, sinking under it, she had a short but severe nervous fever.

This alarming event, sufficiently allayed the transports of all at Mariendorpt, where Meeta vied with Esther, in watching and weeping by the bed of a friend so deservedly dear to both.

Happily a week restored Madame Roselheim: after which, happiness tempered to its allowed degree, by a sense of recent danger, once more shone on every countenance, and glowed in every heart.

An accession to this happiness, and to the grateful feelings springing from it, was given by a second letter from Rupert.

In consequence of the flood in Hol-

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stein, and the destruction of the embankments along that coast, Denmark solicited the assistance of engineers and workmen from Holland. Rupert took advantage of the Danish messenger to the States-General, and entrusted him with a letter to his mother, in which he gave a brief account of the dismal scenes the flood had occasioned, a still shorter one of his perilous expedition with Aremberg, but detailed at large his agreeable rencontre with his cousin, and his lively admiration of her person and character.

This description, written before his uncle's remarks upon Adolpha's secret sentiments had troubled those of Rupert, and trammelled their expression, was the real transcript of his feelings; so that even before Madame Roselheim's temperate imagination, a vision passed for an instant, which caused an anxious sigh. Meeta had no part in this maternal secret.

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But how vivid was her quickly-kindled admiration of both the persons who had risked so much for humanity! Although Rupert had passed over his own share in the adventure very slightly, he had dwelt affectionately upon Aremberg's; mentioning all the little circumstances of his peculiar habits, and peaceful profession, which made that act, a merit in him, that was none in a man educating himself for familiarity with danger. He painted his friend's tranquil presence of mind while in the scene of peril, and his active usefulness afterwards, so simply yet so powerfully, that Meeta's eyes showered tears of delight, as lifting them to Heaven, she seemed asking some visible sign from the spirit of Eustatia there, to testify that she knew, and brightened in her lover's virtues.

Meeta had always valued Aremberg highly, but at this moment she felt how much she had undervalued him. And remembering why she did so, because he

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was given to fits of grave absence, and not handsome; she blushed at her folly, and thanked Heaven, that she was no longer wrong-judging fourteen.

After the arrival of this second letter, in the principal part of which, nearly the whole village of Mariendorpt shared, every one longed to see Rupert and Aremberg again; and every one grieved that of this, there was no prospect.

Cratzenstein's brigade was destined for Upper Saxony, consequently would proceed in a very different direction from that of Holland: and of peace, there seemed now as small a prospect as ever. Negociations were going on, it is true, at Munster, for the arrangement of all the differences between the Emperor and the Protestant Princes; but nothing was yet effected towards that desirable object. Each party rising in their demands, as their troops gained battles or captured fortresses; and the restitution of the Palatinate being every

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now and then totally lost sight of, in the multiplicity of other jarring interests; and then recollected afresh, only to become the apple of discord again, amongst the negociators.

Thus, if some impatient hearts at Mariendorpt looked forward to the hour of peace for the happiness they languished for, they looked to an indefinite period: and a mother's fond desires, sickened at the remoteness of such a prospect.

Sometimes Madame Roselheim listened to the respectful, yet urgent representations of Esther, who would have persuaded her that there was neither risk nor impropriety in their venturing, at some convenient moment, to reach Rupert whenever he should be in camp or garrison, within a day's journey of the Dutch frontier. Madame Roselheim would listen to please herself with the images which Esther's eloquent feelings brought before her, but never with the purpose of consenting to a step, which in the present

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state of the countries, must necessarily take from her character for delicacy, and probably involve her son in difficulty and great anxiety.

Gently repulsed in this, Esther would then try for leave to go alone, just to see her young master, now he was grown to manhood, and bring her lady an account of his looks, his manners, his habits of life. Madame Roselheim had to remind Esther that she was yet but nine-and-twenty, and that nature had not given her a protection against slander or insult in a camp. Esther knit her brows at her own comeliness, on these occasions; but never daring a subject further when once her lady changed her tone of gracious reasoning into one of gentle raillery, she would withdraw to tell her disappointment, only to her own heart.

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CHAP. III.

MEETA was gone to pass a couple of days at the country-house of a young companion's father, and was preparing to join a lively sledge-party on the canal, which was now frozen over, and covered with people going to and fro, on business or pleasure, when, as one of the company were handing her into the sledge, her eye was caught by the tall figure of Esther, elevated still higher by her skates, and coming towards her with a velocity of motion, and an anxious eagerness of countenance, which at first made Meeta's heart die within her.

"What is it, Esther?" she exclaimed in alarm, springing out again from the sledge.

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"Nothing, nothing, Miss, to frighten you; only you must come back directly. Mr. Rupert has not two more hours to stay, and I know my lady will be frantic afterwards, if you should not see him this time. I have come off, of myself, for his reverence is not come back from that sick person at Mardyk."

Half this breathless speech was lost by Meeta, who had heard enough to throw her all into a glow of hurry and pleasure: the good-natured friends she was with, waited not for her petition that they would pardon her and let her go back, but immediately proposed making their drive past Mariendorpt.

The proposal was joyfully accepted: Meeta jumped into the vehicle; Esther wheeled round; and darting before them with the swiftness of the wind itself, was ready at the garden steps, to hand out Meeta by the time she reached them.

The little cavalcade of sledges, which had followed the one Meeta sat in,

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paused an instant to see her safely landed; then, shooting onwards, the kind people in them, testified their participation of her feelings, by warm-hearted smiles, and kisses of the hand, as they proceeded on their airing.

"And now tell me, Esther," said Meeta, stopping in the latticed walk to recover breath, for she was breathless, though merely from eager fear of being too late, "tell me how Rupert can be here? I thought the regiment was going a different way."

"So it was," replied Esther, hurrying on, "but, just as they began their march, the General got orders to turn into Westphalia, and join the French there, I think; and so Mr. Rupert got leave to take a bird's flight here and back, and be with his regiment again by day-break to-morrow: there's little rest for his wings, you see."

"And is he come alone? Where is my father, did you say? And do you

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like your young master's looks as well as you did formerly?"

These natural questions, and several more, Meeta rapidly asked as she hastened along; and though Esther answered each, she heard not the answers, so affectionately busy were her thoughts in imagining the joy of her dear Madame Roselheim, and anticipating her own delight in seeing the young man, whom she had so long considered as a brother.

When they entered the house, Meeta recollected herself; and bidding Esther go to Madame Roselheim, and ask whether she would permit her to come into her little sitting-room, she was turning towards the parlour, when she heard Madame Roselheim herself exclaim, "Ah, that is Meeta's voice!" The next instant the room door was thrown open, and Meeta first found herself in the arms of her friend, and then in the presence of Rupert and her father.

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The two latter were seated, evidently in serious discourse; but Rupert rose almost immediately, and said something amiable about her attention to his dear mother, as he cordially shook her hand: it was obvious, that he had just heard of Madame Roselheim's late illness.

Meeta stammered out some disqualifying words in reply; for, all at once she felt the natural embarrassment of her sex and age, on being presented to a young man, who might expect from her the animated reception of old friendship, and yet be disappointed by that shyness which arose from her utter ignorance of his person and manners.

Rupert, after a moment's standing, retook his seat, and resumed his conversation. Muhldenau, meanwhile, noticed his daughter's unexpected return with a smile and a nod; and Meeta, hardly knowing what she did, from a sensation of awkward confusion not frequent with her, and never but when her sensibility

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was strongly roused, sat down in silence, and at some distance.

The mother's soul was all re-absorbed again by her son; and she had placed herself anew beside him, willing not to lose an instant, while she might yet hear and see him, and feel the thrilling pressure of that loved hand, which was fondly clasping hers.

As Meeta contemplated them thus, her heart swelled so strongly with sympathy and pleasure, that it was some time ere she felt composed enough to compare Rupert with the extravagantly perfect image, her fancy had made for him.

When she looked at him, for this foolish purpose, her first feeling was disappointment. She saw nothing of that brilliancy, and buoyancy, and glow, which belong to youth's abstract notions of beauty: she saw in him, none of the fire and loftiness of a hero. The young soldier was certainly of a fine height,

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and just proportions; but he was somewhat thin; his complexion had a war, burned and faded appearance, she thought, as if it had been fair, or ought to have colour; and his downward looking eyes, darted no fire through the long brown lashes which deepened the shade of their mild azure. Yet was there something in that face and figure, which irresistibly attracted Meeta's observation of them, again and again: tenderness and goodness beamed through the soft cloud of his eyes; a smile of perfect happiness was upon his lips; his voice had balm in it; and the singular gracefulness of all his unconscious movements, every moment awakened emotions of pleasing surprise.

The oftener Meeta looked at him therefore, the more she became satisfied with his appearance; and, had Rupert been far less gifted by nature than he really was, her enthusiastic heart must soon have seen only eminent beauty in a

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countenance overflowing with filial love and grateful joy.

His mother's sweet face reflected, as in a softening mirror, the happiness and tenderness of his; she seemed trembling every instant on the brink of tears: the transports of her first unexpected sight of him, were past, and time left for the entrance of many thoughts, calculated to throw a touching shade over her remaining joy.

The uncertainty of their future meetings, the dangers into which Rupert was going, the idea of his father in the same scenes though in a different cause, the late illness of Madame Roselheim herself; all these ideas troubled their meeting, and embittered the thought of parting; so that, as that dreaded moment drew nigh, both became more silent and pensive.

Though taking, during all this time, scarcely any part in the interesting, but broken conversation of her father and

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friend, with the young soldier, Meeta did not feel herself overlooked by the latter, nor forgotten by the others. She was often appealed to by her father and Madame Roselheim, and sometimes kindly addressed by Rupert himself: but she saw that he had few thoughts to spare from the beloved mother whose hand he frequently sealed his lips upon, with a look between smiles and tears; and she honoured him the more for it.

At the close of one subject of their discourse, the excellent Muhldenau rose, and motioning for Meeta to do the same, said, "it is time we should leave ye together again. Let me know, my dear young friend, when thou art actually going."

Rupert, to whom the last words were addressed, replied by a speaking look; then bowing and smiling kindly upon the retiring Meeta, turned once more towards his mother.

When Muhldenau and his daughter

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were alone, mutual enquiries passed between them. The former was pleased with the prompt conduct of Esther, but for whose thought and activity Meeta would a second time have lost the sight of her best friend's son: and the latter was greatly interested in all that her father repeated after Rupert, concerning the important change in his religious sentiments; which he attributed mainly to the patience, and candour, and unwearied exertions of his friend Aremberg.

She found that Rupert, unwilling to tempt Aremberg into a scene full of painful associations, (to which their visit must actually be, what Esther termed it, a bird's flight,) had forborne to give his friend intimation of his purpose; consequently had come away without a letter from him to his relation; which omission Rupert meant to make up to Mr. Vanderhoven, by a brief visit from himself.

Muhldenau was commending this amiable intention as a proof how much

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Rupert thought of the feelings of others, when they heard Madame Roselheim's door open, and then Rupert's voice in the passage enquiring for them. They were with him the next instant.

"God bless you, dear Sir, till we meet again!" was Rupert's cheerful exclamation, as he tried to shake off his own and his mother's tears from his now-flushed cheek, and embraced the venerable man. "Farewell, kind, kind Meeta!"

The look and the tone of the graceful soldier while uttering this simple expression, said more than could have been expressed by the most profuse declarations of gratitude for Meeta's care of his mother during her illness: her thrilling heart felt their full charm; but she replied only with a blush, perhaps with a tear also. Rupert pressed her hand affectionately; and hastening away with the good Muhldenau, who insisted upon walking with him to Mr. Vander-

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hoven's, Meeta rejoined Madame Roselheim.

"He is gone, Meeta!" exclaimed the fond mother, extending her hand, but evading that instinctive embrace with which we meet afflicted friends; "do not kiss me—I cannot part with my Rupert's kiss: and do not fear that I need consolation. After such unexpected happiness, shall I dare to repine that he was forced to go so soon?—O no. It has been a dream, indeed,—but such a dream!—" Tears dropt from her eyes as she raised them glowing with gratitude to Heaven.

"Dearest, dearest Madam!" was Meeta's admiring apostrophe, while she pressed her hand more fervently.

Madame Roselheim then entered into a recapitulation of her son's conversation. She spoke of his animating prospects as a soldier, from the favour of Count Cratzenstein, and the notice of the field-marshal; she repeated many anecdotes he had incidentally mentioned

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of other young officers' magnanimity, or bravery, or humanity; and Meeta failed not to remark, as the tender mother had done before her, that next to the performance of all these good and admirable actions, was the just admiration of them, and the ungrudging repetition of them to others.

Madame Roselheim spoke more pensively when she talked of Adolpha Falkenberg; for her name recalled many distracting scenes long past: but what she said of her, made Meeta look impatiently forward to the coming year which was to introduce to her acquaintance a person nearly of her own age, and with tastes and habits akin to the elegance of Madame Roselheim's.

From describing the character of Adolpha, the transition was natural to Rupert's share in her preservation from the dismal death which had threatened her; and Madame Roselheim dwelt upon his intrepid humanity on that occasion,

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and upon the mercy of Providence for sparing him to her, with as much gratitude as exultation.

"He is a son to be proud of, in every way; is he not, Meeta?" she asked; "is he like what you expected?"

"Not exactly," was Meeta's embarrassed reply; for she recollected with shame, her ridiculous expectation and consequent disappointment at first.

"What! you are disappointed in his appearance; you do not think him handsome! — perhaps it is the heart only that a fond mother sees in the countenance; for even to my eyes, once used to the matchless — "

Madame Roselheim broke off the sentence; and Meeta guessing whose image, was at that moment contrasted with her son's, in the mind's eye of the mother, said with trepidation, but her usual candour, "I confess my folly: I expected to be struck at once, by I know not what impossible perfection and splendour, in

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the son of my dear Madame Roselheim; and at first, therefore, I was disappointed. But every time I looked at your Rupert, his countenance seemed to expand into more and more loveliness: for lovely is what I should call him, rather than beautiful; and he is graceful, beyond any thing I ever imagined."

"Ah! you should have seen his father!" said Madame Roselheim, quite vanquished by the recollections she had been all this time struggling against; "his matchless person would have realized all your romantic notions of manly beauty! — Look at this," she added, advancing to a cabinet, unlocking it, and taking thence a small case; "tell me if Rupert has no resemblance to that picture? — I have not looked at it these fourteen years."

She placed the case in Meeta's hand, with tremulous quickness, and walked from her.

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Meeta fixed her eyes upon the picture. It did indeed represent the very perfection of manly beauty.

All that the most brilliant union of darkness and light, in the complexion and the eyes; of fire and sweetness mingled in the expression; of fineness and nobleness of line in the features; of majesty and youthful grace in the air of the head, and expansion of the chest; all that these can bestow, of peerless beauty upon the portrait of a hero, was there; and not one shade of any thing less noble, to weaken their wondrous charm.

"O, is it possible, that such a face as this!—" Meeta interrupted her impassioned exclamation; and Madame Roselheim, who was standing at some distance from her, sunk, bathed in tears, upon a seat.

"I need not wish to see it!" she exclaimed faintly, averting her head, as if from a temptation; "every feature is still painted here!—here!—" and she struck

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her breast with an emotion unusual to her. "O Meeta, dear as that face once was to my sight, the heart that spoke from it, in those days of happiness, was far, far dearer! The one remains unaltered perhaps — the other! —— what a ruin has she made of that!"

Meeta understood that she spoke of Rhinegravestein's present wife; and her pitying bosom echoed the shuddering sigh, which shook that of her friend.

A silence of some minutes followed this. Madame Roselheim wept, and dried her tears, and wept again. Meeta respected her tears and her contest with them; and putting a restraint upon her own feelings, shut up the picture, and laid it down. Madame Roselheim soon after came forward, with a pensive attempt at a smile, took up the miniature, replaced it in the cabinet, and then sat down beside her young companion.

"You see no likeness to Rupert in it?" asked the fond mother.

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"I do see a great deal," was Meeta's reply; "but it is principally in the expression. The complexion is very different, and the colour of the hair and eyes. The mouth, however, seems to me strikingly like — smilingly so."

"Yes, that is indeed quite his father's," observed Madame Roselheim, with tender pleasure, "and though my Rupert's eyes and hair can never be like his, they are infinitely darker than they were. Certainly Rupert has less colour, and less lively animation than he had; but to me Meeta, this change is only the more interesting: it gives evidence of so much more tenderness and concern for others. Every thing that does that, is a grace in the eyes of a mother who looks, now, far beyond personal endowments."

"And in a friend's, too, dearest Madam," said Meeta, with sweet earnestness; "you will wrong me, if you do not give me full credit for admiring your hero's appearance very much; and for

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feeling already a sister's truest affection for his person and manners."

"My dear Meeta!" exclaimed Madame Roselheim, pressing her to her bosom, but not even now to her lips, "ever may my Rupert prove a brother to you, when your father and I are removed to a better world!"

Meeta heard this wish with mournful pleasure at the time; she was destined to remember it afterwards, with unmixed pain.

Madame Roselheim then took a letter from the table, and saying it was one which her son had brought her from his uncle, and which she would now read, she was retiring to do so, when Meeta lifting another paper from the ground, observed that it had fallen out of the picture case, and she had omitted to replace it.

Madame Roselheim turned pale, and drew back. "I guess what it is;" she said, trembling so that she was forced to

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reseat herself. "Oh! how well do I remember the place and the moment in which I put it there. It was by the lake of Zierendahl, on the loveliest evening of the last summer I spent there! That paper was the first of those many passionate letters and verses which bewitched my husband from me at last. He laughed at it then, and showed it me, because he knew me foolish enough to delight in the admiration he inspired. To my fond fancy, it seemed to complete what the painter had left uncopied; and I vowed the two portraits should henceforth go together: and there it was, when that event fell on me, after which, neither virtue nor religion have permitted me to look at them. There, take it, Meeta; read in it the seductive capacity of a woman, who suffered not the sacred characters of a husband and a father, to protect her victim from the machinations of her art, her passion, and her power. Take it, Meeta; read it; destroy it: but first let

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it teach you the important lesson I learnt too late — never to indulge your heart in pouring out to the object of its fondest affection, the weak part of that affection; be your admiration uttered only in praise of such qualities as tend to the immortal happiness and excellency of its possessor. So will the object of them, continue to bless you and himself; and not fall, as mine has done, from the height of glory, into a depth of guilt!"

Tearless, and paler than before, Madame Roselheim pressed one hand upon her quivering eyelids, and the other on her convulsed bosom, remaining for a short interval silently recovering herself; then removing her hand from her face, and dimly smiling upon Meeta, she passed out of the apartment.

It was long ere the solemn impression made by her maternal friend's last words, allowed Meeta to look at the paper which occasioned them; or even to stir from the spot, where she was fixed in a sort

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of trance: but such feelings relaxed by degrees; and deeply interested in whatever tended to throw a light upon the fatal, and to her mysterious, conduct of Rhinegravestein, she slowly unfolded the paper, and saw written in the finest and most delicate hand possible, the following elaborate and artful composition: —

TO JULIAN.

When from art's marvels, or by pencil wrought,
  Or finer chisel, I have turned away
Dissatisfied, then sat me down and thought,
  What rarer beauty may the soul array
When she hath cast this vestment thick of clay, —
  O, I have fancied beauteous forms, which nought
Of sculpture, painting, nor poetic lay
  Hath ever to enraptured vision brought;
Yet never in that heart's dream, did I see
Such grace, such beauty, as shine out in thee!

What may the pen or pallet's efforts show,
  But the faint semblance of that aspect rare?
Description's happiest reach and warmest glow,
  Can but recall those fairest of the fair

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We erst have seen; teaching our fancies so
  To image him described; (who mocks compare:)
And all the colours of the heavenly bow,
  On canvass laid with nicest touch, could ne'er
Stamp the true impress of that aspect bright,
Where light and darkness strive, and yet, at last, unite.

Ah, shall I tell to ages yet unborn,
  That his fresh cheek the damask rose defies,
And like to crimson banner of the morn
  Spreading rich blushes over eastern skies,
With kindling colour, bids new charms adorn
  Each darker beauty there! — then, then, his eyes,
Shrouded from sight (in mercy, or in scorn,)
  By shadowing lashes long! so willows rise
Close to some clear brook, and with star-pierced boughs
Darken its lucid wave, which brighter, lovelier flows!

And wherefore shall I praise those brows of jet;
  Those curls of glossy black, which careless laid
O'er his clear forehead, seem on purpose set
  That clearness to exalt, by Contrast's aid?
His mouth! — Love's, Beauty's, treasury; where met
  Melting together, they are partless made:
Teeth! than the vale's ranged lilies, whiter yet;
  And lips at whose sweet redness, roses fade;
Where hover smiles divine; or stealing sighs
Wrapt in ambrosial breath, the cheated soul surprize!

And shall I strive with fruitless toil to draw
  That body perfect all, where keenest eye
Could never yet discern defect or flaw;
  So matchless every part's rare symmetry:
Which, if but fragment of that form we saw;
  Or hand, or foot like fleetest Mercury;

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Or chest fair spread, adding delight to awe; —
  Such glimpse divine, with inspiration high,
A Phidias might create, and we behold
His Fancy's angel ken, complete the perfect mould!

Then shall I seek that magic charm to show,
  Of look and speech, with which, mid circle gay,
All others he blots out, and like the glow,
  Or flash of varying diamond, dims their day;
And as its quiv'ring beams fresh hues bestow,
  So glances bright, his many-tinctured ray;
So sports his mind; his careless actions, so,
  All motion's soft enchantments round, display;
While beauty, youth, and joyance, o'er his face
Diffuse celestial bloom, and love-inspiring grace!

But how his mien to paint, when breathing war,
  Each sable brow in lovely sternness fixed,
His dark eye threat'ning like some clouded star,
  Though smiles and sadness on his lip are mixed;
Paler with thought than autumn leaves, yet all
  Valour's high purpose written on that cheek,
He comes, by war-horse borne! before him fall
  The hearts of weeping friends, through fondness weak;
For ah, though laurels green now bind his head,
The cypress dismal boughs may soon above them spread!

Break off, ye thoughts! nor for an instant dare
  To image such distraction. — O no, no!
Rather with pang acute, the vision bear
  Of him beloved, returning from the foe
In conquering triumph; for another fair,
  Content all future triumphs to forego;

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Ready with her a noiseless life to share;
With her to thrill with bliss, or melt in woe.
Thou dearest, thou, on bloody field to die?
Ah no, at her blest feet, far rather may'st thou lie!

O wish, of love imperfect, earthly, frail!
Should not his soul be dearer than his face?
Can I forget that from Salvation's pale
That precious soul is shut, till sacred grace
Pour its blest light, and teach his feet to trace
Backward their course? — then let my prayers assail
Heaven's lofty throne, that from *her* dire embrace,
Whose fatal charms above his God prevail,
E'en death may tear him; though I linger here,
To kneel, and waste, and weep incessant, o'er his bier.

"This to the husband of another!" exclaimed Meeta, aloud, in a virtuous transport of horror, "never, never, indeed, be it read again by any one." And as she spoke, she flew to the stove, and throwing the paper on it, saw it consumed with lively joy.

To her whose prejudiced judgment would scarcely have admitted that the command of his spiritual head, exculpated a pious Catholic from guilt in the act of divorcing his wife; to her, who in the present instance happened to be right; the

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use made of religion in the last stanza, appeared only to render the writer of it more detestable. All that preceded that stanza, bore too distinct an evidence of the unworthy nature of its writer's affection; since, in no one line, did she advert to any moral quality in her beautiful subject; his person and his glory, seeming the sole idols of her worship.

Meeta was too young and inexperienced; be it said, too pure from that only pollution of the world, which reaches the best human characters, the fault of pardoning sin, out of partiality for the sinner; she was too far from this, to find any excuse for the heinous act of Rhinegravestein. She neither thought of ambition, vanity, nor religious fear played upon by a hand skilful as a demon's, and aided by multitudes of inferior, and often unconscious agents, in the shape of specious friends, zealous priests, and flattering princes: she saw only the naked fact, in its true deformity;

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and coupling it with the recollection of Rhinegravestein's godlike face, as she had so lately seen it, she exclaimed, shuddering, "From such beauty, Heaven shield me! — now shall I look at Mr. Aremberg's unpretending countenance, where one has to *seek* for what is winning; and I shall think it worth all the majesty of an Apollo!"

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CHAP. IV.

MEANWHILE, Madame Roselheim leaving herself no time for the revival of such weakness as had just overcome her, opened her brother-in-law's letter immediately, rather as a just tribute to its writer's worth and affection, than from the impatient expectation of finding any thing peculiarly interesting in its voluminous pages.

The Colonel, though not a long or frequent talker, was a great *proser* when he wrote; and writing rarely, seemed to think it incumbent upon him to write a proportionate quantity of something or another.

Like all such letter-writers, the first sheet of this elaborate epistle he de-

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voted to the recopying of nearly all Madame Roselheim's late letters, in the form of observations upon every separate paragraph. The next sheet was given to as minute a history of the inundation and its consequences, as though the bearer of the packet were sworn to secrecy upon the subject: but the third sheet contained wherewith to rouse all the mother, in the soul of its trembling reader.

Impressed with the conviction of a mutual attachment between Rupert and his cousin, and alive to all its advantages for him, and for his mother, the kind Melchior had been brooding over the subject ever since the hour they quitted Rendsberg; and trusting that Madame Roselheim would open his packet, while Rupert was within reach of her influence, he wrote to acquaint her with his own suspicions and calculations, and to open before her the happy prospect of future affluence in

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the home of her son, and with a deserving daughter-in-law.

How did Madame Roselheim regret that she had not indeed done as the writer of this expected! She blamed herself for the neglect, as though she had been guilty of a sin against gratitude, for which her present trouble was the proper punishment. She tried to recollect her son's look and manner and tone of voice when he spoke of Adolpha: and now she remembered that he did seem embarrassed, and shy, when she asked him some particulars of her sentiments towards them.

What too, was so natural! what so likely to take place, as an attachment between two amiable persons become known to each other under such interesting circumstances?

Madame Roselheim knew, too well, the power of gratitude towards a young and admirable man, in the bosom of a tender woman, not to give full credence

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to her brother-in-law's assertion that Adolpha had given her heart to her brave preserver, and that he loved the creature he had preserved.

What was the pang that quivered through Madame Roselheim's heart at this conviction? What was the sickness which came over her? Was it nature, powerful nature, unwilling to lose its exclusive hold upon the affections of a son who was every thing to her, and to whom she had hitherto been every thing? If it was, of all mothers Madame Roselheim was to be forgiven this infirmity of a moment.

"Ah, well, my Rupert!" she exclaimed aloud in a voice of penetrating tenderness, "if it is to be for your happiness, then will it be for mine! and may God bless you with her."

Once more subdued and broken by recollections and anticipations, by a confused mixture of grief and joy, she co-

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vered her face with her handkerchief, and wept.

This weakness over, all in Madame Roselheim's disinterested breast was calmly thankful again, and she took up the letter, to read that part of it afresh.

After stating his own observations, which the good Colonel strengthened more than he was warranted to do, by the assertion of Mr. Aremberg's entire coincidence with him on the existence of this preference in Adolpha, he proceeded to give his sister the advice, to introduce which, all this preamble was written.

He begged her not to turn a deaf ear to good fortune when she offered herself, by persisting in the romantic plan he thought he saw his sister-in-law had formed, out of gratitude to the worthy divine under whose roof she had so long found an asylum, but remember that charity begins at home, and that it is

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our duty to promote the interest of our own flesh and blood first, and then think of that of others.

This extravagantly generous plan to which the Colonel alluded, and which he gratuitously bestowed upon Madame Roselheim, he explained to be one which he gathered from certain expressions in her letter to her son, after her fit of illness. These said expressions, were indicative of such extreme affection for Miss Margaret Muhldenau, and of such anxiety for her future provision, should Heaven remove her and her father, and so leave the young lady a lone orphan, that it seemed to him evident Madame Roselheim could have no other design on the face of the earth, than to engage her son's pity and protection for her; a design, he must be bold to pronounce, very unwise and unnecessary.—He therefore informed Madame Roselheim thus early of his nephew's laudable and obvious views in another quarter;

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not only to put a stop to his mother's indiscreet praises of her young favourite, but to induce her to make Rupert speak out upon the subject of Adolpha; after which she might then feel authorised to write to the young lady herself, with a proper eye to their probable nearer relationship.

Had the subject in discussion been of less than vital importance to Madame Roselheim, she must have smiled at the serious earnestness with which the rough old soldier pressed it upon her, with all its advantages; but now, she received this only as a gratifying proof of his affection for Rupert; since that could make him calculating, who never allowed self-interest to enter into his own speculations.

Of the extravagant scheme, of which Melchior civilly accused her, she was perfectly innocent. It is true, that could her wishes have endowed either her son or Meeta, with a fortune adequate to the

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moderate wants of both, nothing would have given her such satisfaction as to have seen a mutual attachment take place between two persons almost equally dear to her; but, under their present circumstances, such an attachment could only lead to wretchedness. Meeta was utterly portionless; her father's stipend from his little church, was sufficient for all their present comforts, but left no surplus to be laid by for emergencies hereafter. His few surviving kindred were mostly exiles like themselves; and the restoration of the Palatinate to the elder son of its last unfortunate Prince, seemed an event too remote, perhaps too improbable, for any individual to make the recovery of their property there, an object of expectation.

Thus poor Meeta, from the instant of her father's death, would be thrown upon the charity or friendship of his grateful parishioners; and Madame Roselheim, therefore, had long felt that it was her

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duty to wish her, and her son also, partners through life, better fitted than themselves, to advance each other's prosperity.

Her Rupert had nothing — was worse than nothing; for he had not only a subsistence, but a name to make for himself; and he had to labour for the support of a mother, who, but for his self-denials, must continue burthensome either to his good uncle, or to the excellent Muhldenau.

Thus circumstanced, it behoved Madame Roselheim and her venerable friend, to use every innocent method of preventing an attachment between their children, whom events must unavoidably render familiar with each other's qualities. And though they never spoke together upon so delicate a subject, both acted by tacit consent, with the same humane prudence.

Between two young persons so amiable, and if not much together, so incessantly

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placed before each other's imagination, a strong affection of some sort was certain; it therefore seemed the wisest way, so to familiarise them with each other's best properties, and so to habituate them to the consideration of each other's interests, as if members of one family, as might give a decidedly fraternal character to their feelings.

Madame Roselheim consequently wrote to her son of Meeta's excellence and prettiness, that they might not take him by surprise; while she enlarged upon the extremity of her circumstances. And she spoke of Rupert to Meeta, as she would have done of her brother; accustoming her to believe she would always have a sister's claim on him; and instructing her to fancy his future career, if not advanced by marriage, certainly untrammelled by it.

Madame Roselheim now recollected with pleasure, what had a little mortified her at the time, that Meeta, whose un-

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occupied heart placed her in the most danger from the late meeting, was the least agreeably struck of the two; that she had confessed herself somewhat disappointed in the personal appearance of Rupert, who, on his part, had said to Madame Roselheim when her young friend quitted the room with her father, "I had no idea that Meeta was so very beautiful!"

This expression of simple admiration, uttered without other emotion, had nothing in it to alarm a mother, proceeding, as it did, from one whose affections were already engaged; and Madame Roselheim now endeavoured to steady her mind still more, for the purpose of calmly considering the subject of her son's attachment to Adolpha Falkenberg.

This attachment, if it really existed on both sides, might not, for all that, produce the happiness Colonel Roselheim expected. Adolpha's fortune was only

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in prospect; and till the death of Madame Krazau, her actions must have constant reference to her pleasure. It was not reasonable to expect that a woman of Madame Krazau's grave character and courtly notions, (for she had passed her early life at the Court of Copenhagen,) would willingly sanction an union between her heiress and a portionless soldier, whose name was cruelly blotted; much as she might esteem that young man, and gratefully as she might acknowledge their obligation to him. Madame Krazau would be wanting to her duty, were she capable of such girlish folly, she would think; and Madame Roselheim knew *she* would be really wanting to her own dignity and self-respect, were she to encourage a clandestine attachment, founding its hopes upon the remote and ungrateful prospect of an excellent woman's death.

With chastised feelings, therefore, she dismissed all idea of advancing one step

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towards Adolpha, except in the character of a kinswoman, endeared by the recollections of other days. She would write nothing, say nothing, which could foster or increase a prepossession in her son's favour. Neither would she, by prematurely mentioning the subject to Rupert, assist in fixing his thoughts upon an object from which absence, and the same just arguments, repeated by his own reason, would in all probability detach him, ere it had reached the vital part of his heart.

Here then vanished the airy castle, with which Colonel Roselheim had surprised and agitated his sister-in-law. Having laid the foundations of his unsubstantial edifice upon the only circumstance which Madame Roselheim would not for a moment suffer it to rest on, the death of Adolpha's god-mother, the whole thing fell at once! yet much of it remained still for Providence, by the agency of future events, to build up

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again, perhaps into something solid. But upon such events neither the mother nor son had a right to calculate: and Madame Roselheim sensibly resolved to remember the subject, only so far as was requisite for her to watch over its sure extinction, or safe continuance, in Rupert's thoughts; to refrain from mentioning it to Meeta, or her father, out of respect for Adolpha's delicacy; and to convince the good Melchior, that he must act as prudently, as she was determined to do, with regard to all parties.

Evening re-united the domestic party at the parsonage, and brought Mr. Vanderhoven to congratulate Madame Roselheim upon the short visit from her son; and to express his own sense of the young soldier's consideration, in sparing a moment to him.

The just eulogiums of Rupert would again have formed the theme of all their tongues, had not Madame Roselheim with a delicacy peculiar to her, waived the

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discourse she loved, and claimed the award of superior merit, for his friend Aremberg.

"Let us not weigh such merit, and such friends against each other," said Muhldenau, benignly, "or if we do, be it only to confess that they are both ingots."

"Mauritius is indeed deserving," observed his uncle, with that air of embarrassment without which some men can never do justice to their near relations. "I hope Miss Meeta continues to favor him with her good opinion?" and the tall upright bachelor, half turned towards her with a look of anxiety.

Madame Roselheim read the worthy merchant's mind, from that movement.

It was evident, that the unexpected return of her son, now grown to manhood, and unaccompanied by Aremberg, had alarmed some little plan of Vanderhoven's which had Meeta for its object; and not doubting that it was the generouswish of uniting this portionless girl

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to his heir, her eyes filled with tears of admiration as they bent towards him, and she said inwardly, "may such judicious affection be rewarded, by obtaining what it wishes!"

Meeta, quite unconscious of Mr. Vanderhoven's meaning, gave him one of her most beaming smiles, while she replied to his question, "I am proud, Sir, of the title of Mr. Aremberg's friend! — for you know he used to call me so in the days of poor Eustatia; and it will break my heart if he does not call me so still, after he returns amongst us."

"He will always feel as such, towards you, my dear Miss Meeta," rejoined Mr. Vanderhoven, his very ears suffusing through their coat of powder, with pleasure at her artless answer, "though perhaps, now you are grown to woman's estate, respect may prevent him from using so familiar a phrase; but I pray you to believe, that there is no title Mauritius can wish bestowed upon you,

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expressive of his high sense of your valuable qualities, that would not be most gladly assented to, by your very sincere friend, and obedient humble servant." And bowing first with agitation upon her passive hand, and then with his usual sudden formality on either side of her to Muhldenau and Madame Roselheim, he took up his hat and departed.

Meeta paused for an instant till the worthy man was fairly out of hearing; and then giving her youthful spirits way, she burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"Meeta!—my child!" interrupted her father, in a tone of mild remonstrance.

Meeta recovered herself with a blush—almost with a tear. "Dear father, I ought to be ashamed of myself, I know, but there was something so irresistibly comic in the quaint conclusion of Mr. Vanderhoven's speech, as if he were finishing a letter upon me, instead of on

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his writing desk; and the air was so solemn — and what he said was so pompously about nothing! and yet is he one of the best and most charitable men in the world; and I have a true regard for him, and I am therefore sincerely sorry that I have laughed at him."

"Both your father and I can pardon you easily, my dear Meeta," observed Madame Roselheim, with one of her indulgent smiles, "for I confess I was very near laughing myself, though never was I more impressed with the rare goodness of Mr. Vanderhoven's heart. Let me pray you, however, never to sport with this worthy man's peculiarities before his nephew, in whose eyes I am sure they are completely sanctified by the solid worth of the character, of which they form a very small part."

"I would not displease Mr. Aremberg for the whole world!" was Meeta's ardent answer; "till he and my brother Rupert come to make us all happy by

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their society, I will be doing every thing in my power to weed out all my faults, that they may not go away without loving me. I cannot live, unless beloved by those I love, you know well, dearest Madam." And Meeta, while she spoke, threw her arms alternately round her father's and her friend's neck, her cheek of roses blushing through the lovely tears of tenderness and self-distrust.

"Thou hast thy faults, my Meeta!" said her father, tenderly looking at her, as she laid her bright face on his shoulder, "thou hast thy faults, but the art also, of blinding thy foolish father to them." And raising her from his breast to his lips, he gave her a smile in which his whole heart spoke, and adding that it was time to have their usual portion of reading, and not right to waste the whole evening in domestic talk; he withdrew his own and Madame Roselheim's thoughts from a

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subject connected with Mr. Vanderhoven, which each found likely to engross them too much, for conversation upon indifferent things.

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CHAP. V.

Rupert wrung the last pang out of his heart, when he gave a backward glance to the village which contained his mother.

It was one of those magical days of early winter, in which every object is invested with a rare sort of beauty: the waters all crystallized; the tall trees, the low hedges, the grasses on the banks, and the sedges by the rivers, all covered with white and fleecy snow-work; the heavens softened and suffused with a milky kind of light; the air still, with an impending fall: the whole country, in short, looking like some vast and marvellous grotto, the work of genii, but

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from which, a single breath would shake all the enchantment.

The little personage, white as the snow-loaded shrubs above which it rose, stood the image of the calm content within it. The grey smoke curling from its chimneys, distinctly stained the thickened atmosphere around them. Rupert thought of their glowing stoves, and the dear groupe he had left beside them, and, drawing his pelisse closer round him, he re-settled himself in his sledge, and gave an inward benediction to each individual; though his heart was full but of one, his long-suffering, and now comparatively happy, mother.

Among the changes of Rupert's character, was not that of desponding habits of thought. He still preserved that buoyancy of heart, for it was nobler than mere buoyancy of animal spirit, — which resists pain of every description, and springs to meet blameless pleasure.

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All the delights of his late visit, he retained in a lively feeling of gratitude for having been permitted to make it; and the grief of parting, he quenched in the anticipation of new scenes, where he might gather fresh gratifications for the maternal pride of the mother he sorrowed to leave.

Rupert came up with the division at Immerhausen. His uncle, after a momentary "how vexatious!" pardoned him for not having given Madame Roselheim his letter, till within a short time of their separation: and Aremberg listened with serious pleasure, to the details of his friends and relations at Mariendorpt.

Of Meeta, the favourite companion of Eustatia, while in life, and the tender attendant on her bed of death, he asked much, and with that peculiar interest inspired by the lively renewal of those days of sorrow.

Rupert lamented that he had so little to

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tell from his own observation. "He had seen her," he said, "but for a moment or two when his whole attention was naturally given to his mother, and the good Muhldenau, who was absent as well as his daughter, when the young soldier surprized the parsonage: but he could say that his mother spoke of her with the fondest gratitude; and he himself, only required a glimpse of that youthful and beaming countenance, to feel assured, that she deserved all their affection. "I can tell you too, that she is exceedingly beautiful;" he added, "and has the finest complexion I ever saw in my life; perhaps, I ought to say, the finest eyes also."

"With the exception of Adolpha Falkenberg's," observed Aremberg, something of an arch expression stealing over the meditative melancholy of his present looks.

"On my life, Aremberg, I believe

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you are as great a fool as my uncle," laughed Rupert, colouring as he spoke; but whether from consciousness, or mere youthful bashfulness, even his discerning friend could not guess.

Rupert either had no particular pleasure in the subject, or no desire to have his secret probed further; for he immediately changed the conversation, and began to describe a second time, his hasty call at Mr. Vanderhoven's, and that worthy man's amusing mixture of affecting interest in all that concerned his absent nephew, with the height of punctilious decorum and restless attention to what he believed the laws of hospitality.

"I was not above ten minutes in his spacious, sedate-furnished sitting-room," continued Rupert, "and in that short time, he made me drink a whole cup of chocolate, and swallow a proportionate quantity of cake: not content with that feat, he actually followed me out into

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the open air with a glass of ratafia. I gave my head over for lost at this, as I had just done my stomach: but happily, my good angel, in the shape of my companion's Cassack sleeve, brushed the glass out of Mr. Vanderhoven's hand: and there we left him, standing at gaze over the fragments! No wonder he could not hold the glass, for I verily believe, that tall, wooden figure of his, is made without joints."

"I see my excellent uncle so exactly!" observed Aremberg. "When peculiarities only take the shape of greater kindness, Rupert, how harmless is the amusement we draw from them! You see I can let you jest with his, as you ought to let others do with mine."

"With yours, Aremberg!" exclaimed Rupert, warmly, "why what peculiarities have you? What uncouth ones, I mean!"

"A round dozen, at least, my dear fellow!" resumed his friend, with per-

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fect good-humour, "the habit of reading ten books at once, and insisting upon the person I talk with, knowing which I am speaking of, every time I pass from one to the other, in my slip-shod criticisms. Then the easiness with which I can be persuaded that I have eaten my dinner, or my breakfast, by any foolish boy that comes in, and finds me deep in a favourite author, without having broken my fast. Then my very unliterary passion for order, and anxiety to be habited like other men, which I have no talent whatever of doing for myself, but must be obliged to my servant for the one, and to you for the other. In short, I repeat again, that I have as ample a share of the ridiculous in me, as any moderate man may desire, by the way of escaping downright insipidity; and for that, I am properly thankful."

Rupert laughed outright at Aremberg's account of himself, the truth of

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which, even he could not wholly deny; and so ended their dialogue.

The division of Count Cratzenstein, after attaining its object, which was rather to form a temporary *point d'appui* to the French troops, than to co-operate with them, fell back again when that object was executed; returning to their Original destination of Upper Saxony. They came up with the main body, upon the Pleisse.

Rupert's hopes had now reached their utmost. Ever since the distinguishing present of the Commander-in-Chief, his thoughts had been filled with vague, but animating presentiments of good fortune. Torstenson's military history, in some degree resembled his own: that is, he was a young, unfriended subaltern, when a lucky instance of capacity and presence of mind brought him into the immediate notice of Gustavus Adolphus, and stamped his fame and fortune for life.

Rupert had been so introduced to his

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knowledge; and he secretly hoped, therefore, that the recollection of former days might speak for him in the heart of a brave man, who knew what it was to feel within him the power of distinguishing himself, and long to pant vainly for the opportunity of displaying it.

Since the little affair, by which he had gained his present commission and reputation, not a sword had been drawn in their brigade; and he therefore looked with a mixture of sorrow for humanity, and of impatient ardor for himself, to the active and dangerous service of the consolidated army, under its field-marshal.

Never did lover, about to try his fate with the woman adored, go to the interview with greater trepidation, than Rupert went with his buckled and belted uncle, to be presented to Marshal Torstenson.

As he trod the boarded floor of an anti-room, through which were passing

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non-commissioned officers, just come out from the Marshal, he felt that he was going to see an elêve and friend of the great king of Sweden; one, whose similar simplicity of habits, he gathered from the fashion of his Present, and from the plainness of the place they were now in; and whose appearance, he could not help presaging, must resemble that of the departed hero.

He remembered the description of Gustavus, as it is given in a French account of that day, of the battle of Lutzen.

"The personal qualities of this prince were admirable. His external bravery consisted in a sweet yet majestical aspect, in a comely stature, in a piercing eye, in a commanding voice; but the great guests that lodged within, were far more illustrious: a quick spirit, a solid judgment, an incomparable wisdom, an inexprimable courage, an indefatigable nature, and an admirable conduct, which

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were the happy instruments of all his victories, and the embellishments of this rare prince."

This portrait was full in Rupert's mind when he entered a large barely-furnished room; where he saw a little, pale, shade-like man, in a military undress, rise from a table at which he was writing.

Nature had made Rupert so graceful, that not even the confused bow of unpleasant surprise, nor the blush of ingenuous diffidence, with which he met the marshal's welcome, could do more than heighten the interest of his appearance. Torstenson evidently beheld him with complacency; and saying a few encouraging words, which he seemed, in fact, to require even more than his young protegé, he invited him to sit down; then sat down himself; — instantly recollected that he had left colonel Roselheim standing; and confusing himself with apologies and regrets, suddenly

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stopt in the midst of them, and became silent.

Such an excess of nervous timidity, in a well-born man, that had reached the middle of life, Rupert had never witnessed: it amounted at first to a height that was actually painful to observe; but by degrees the marshal's manner, and the fluctuations of his complexion subsided, leaving to his ash-coloured, yet expressive physiognomy, its natural character of sensibility and greatness. The same evident ill-health which had bent his person, and sicklied his skin, gave a feeble yet very touching character to the tone of his voice. Had Meeta been there, her romantic heart would have said the memory of the Swedish hero was in that voice:—and perhaps she might not have widely erred; since at the mention of that name, his deep-set grey eye glistened and gleamed, and regarded Rupert, who ventured to utter it, with peculiar animation.

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"You are right to reverence that name, young man;" he said, drawing an unconscious sigh; then kindling with a fire that astonished Rupert, "for had *he* lived, you would have been one of the objects of his especial favor. He loved the spirit that dared great responsibilities; for such, he knew, were equal to the thing they dared. Personal courage, he was wont to say, may be the precious metal; but moral courage, is the stamp that coins it into useful value.

"Gustavus encouraged merit, because he knew neither fear nor envy of any man: he was great, because he fought not for glory. You start, gentlemen, but I repeat it, he fought not for glory, but for a sacred cause, dearer than life and glory both. As such, he saw coadjutors, not competitors, in all that ranged on the same side; and rejoiced when they advanced the cause, by actions that emulated his own, — equalled

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them, never! — But he is gone — vanished from the face of the earth, and we, shadows of him, remain."

There was a tone of deep feeling in the voice of the field-marshal, as he pronounced the last words, which Rupert felt as strongly, but knew not in what way to notice; and while he was thinking how he should respectfully do so, Torstenson read his thoughts; and shrinking like a sensitive plant, from another touch however gentle, hastily turned upon colonel Roselheim, and said something complimentary to him upon their accession of his experienced and gallant sword to the Swedish army.

The compliment, however, though evidently sincere, and sufficiently gratifying, was like that he made to Rupert on his introduction, hastily and confusedly uttered. Rupert afterwards learnt to comprehend the Commander-in-Chief's manner, and to perceive through this strange alternation of animation and reserve,

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that morbid sensibility, which, judging all others by itself, made him fear to distress and embarrass them, by the mention of their own deserts.

Such a person was not likely to promise largely, nor say aught to kindle extravagant hopes. Yet, was he just the person from whom a man, versed in human character, would have looked confidently for favour and advancement, were he conscious of deserving them.

Rupert knew not precisely what to hope for himself; but he was greatly interested in the singular deportment of the field-marshal, and in that extremely feeble health, which rendered the Spartan severity of his table and accommodations, his indefatigable attention to the ample supplies of his troops, his example of strict discipline, long watchings, and early rising, and lastly, his inspiration of order and activity of body, in the day of battle, as astonishing as admirable. This wan, and wasted individual, who stood

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shivering in the winter's blast, as though every breath of it pierced him, was the man, who in the course of the last campaign, had thrice defeated the whole imperial army; taken two archdukes prisoners; successively driven the celebrated Piccolomini out of Silesia, Bohemia, and Moravia; thence struck like lightning upon the Danes at the very opposite end of Germany; forced them to sue for peace; and then flew back, to give battle, and to gain a splendid victory, over Gallas, in Saxony. This perishing shell, contained the imperishable spirit of a hero!

While Rupert thought all this, he remembered with a strange emotion of pleasure, which he stifled instantly, that the only signal defeat this hero had ever sustained, was once, when he engaged the Bavarian force, under the Count of Rhinegravestein.

That he forgave him this defeat, in the person of his son, was too honourable to

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the Field-marshal's character, for Rupert to pass it over unmarked by a secret tribute of respect and gratitude.

While he sat musing upon these circumstances, Torstenson and colonel Roselheim discussed military and political subjects of a mere common-place kind; the one knew too little, and the other too much, for their conversation to be more interesting: but the marshal kept his eye all the while upon Rupert, whose frequent glances at a very large and accurately detailed map of the country, where the opening campaign was to be made, indicated the true spirit of his profession, alive to every thing connected with it.

When the field-marshal could extricate himself from some indiscreet questions of the colonel's, he invited Rupert to inspect this map, making a few acute enquiries of him; but with such an air of timid irresoluteness, that it naturally

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limited and embarrassed Rupert's replies.

After this, Torstenson grew suddenly more confused than ever, and, at length found courage to take out his watch, and apologise to Colonel Roselheim, for being obliged to ask his permission to finish the reading of some papers, for which a person was actually waiting in the anti-room.

The colonel started, uttered something between an oath and an exclamation expressive of concern for his own want of consideration for the Commander-in-Chief's valuable time; and was bowing himself and his nephew out of the room, when Torstenson, calling Rupert back, said, he hoped that he would henceforward find his way uninvited to his homely levees, whether in camp or garrison.

A modest bow, and an animated smile, were Rupert's acknowledgments.

"Who would take that man for a hero?" asked the colonel carelessly, giving an

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extra curl to his whiskers, and settling his high topped gloves, upon hands as tough and unpierceable as their sword-proof leather; he looks fitter for the ward of an hospital, than the head of an army, don't he? yet, is there the true spirit in him; if he would but get the better of that eternal fidget of nervousness, or bashfulness, or what the devil else you call it; it puts me almost out of countenance myself."

Rupert agreed, that the marshal's manner was very embarrassing.

"Well! I only hope, that he and Count Cratzenstein will serve you better than others have done your unfortunate uncle," resumed the veteran, "and not leave you at fifty-six, yes, I was fifty-six last Easter; after spending twenty out of that time, in absolute service. I say, I hope they won't leave you then, where I am left now, only a paltry colonel of infantry. On my soul if they do, it will be a fine will-o'-the-wisp business, this

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giving of you a commission by one, and a horse and uniform by another. However, no matter, man, you may console yourself, that gross neglect is a proof of high merit; else you would not see so many brave fellows out of elbows, as one may say, while your puppies and poltroons, are daubed over with orders and gilded scarfs. What did the field-marshall say about your going to his scurvy levees?".

The suspicion crossed Rupert for an instant, that his uncle was piqued at the Commander-in-Chief's omission of his name in the invitation; and he promptly answered, "O, it was only a civil information that he does hold something like levées. As a stranger, it was necessary I should be told by himself, that my appearance there, would not be considered an impertinence. Old acquaintance, or officers already domesticated in the army, if I may use such a phrase, go through all these forms to their general, as mat-

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ters of course, doubtless, without being reminded."

"Oh, may be so! may be so!" repeated Melchior, rather replying to his own thoughts which now found an explanation of Torstenson's seeming preference of his nephew, than answering Rupert; and brightening into immediate good humour again, challenged his nephew to a walk to Eisleben, for the purpose of seeing Martin Luther's birth-place,

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CHAP. VI.

The severity of mid-winter, forbidding all military operations of an active nature, afforded Rupert time to perfect himself in the minor, yet not less necessary, parts of his profession; and his unremitting attendance upon them, advanced him as much in the opinion of Count Cratzenstein, who was a zealous disciplinarian, as the nobler qualities of mental energy and physical courage had exalted him in that of the Commander-in-Chief.

Health of body and mind, was one of the agreeable consequences of this constant activity. Others of greater importance were the growing estimation of his brother soldiers, (for public opinion often

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directs favor to its object,) and that lively satisfaction with his own prospects and pursuits, which seems a proof that Heaven smiles on them, and so strengthens the young candidate to run the race, and win the crown of honour.

After once or twice presenting himself at the short levees of the field-marshal, in common with other officers, he was agreeably surprised by an invitation to breakfast alone with him. He soon found that he owed this distinction to Count Cratzenstein; who, in speaking of him the day before, had not only commended his talent for quick observation and delineation of military ground, and fortified places, but had sent all the drawings he had made for him of that sort to the field-marshal.

These drawings, spread out upon a table with other topographical and military plans, formed a happy medium of discourse, between a man of the extremest shyness, yet most animated mind;

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and one whom respect, and inferiority both of station and age, rendered as timid and silent, while as mentally enthusiastic as his companion.

But Torstenson had his bright moments of complete unreserve; and at such times, his manner was so rivetting, his language so descriptive, and his instructions so luminous, that Rupert grieved when the blaze of enthusiasm was over. Yet wherever the brilliant meteor passed, it left Light; and the young soldier came away from this interview, as he did from several subsequent ones, if not assured that time would agreeably familiarise the marshal with him, yet conscious of having learned much, and lost nothing.

It was one of Rupert's regrets, that from the shy habits of the interesting Field-marshal, Aremberg and he were not likely to be known to each other, further than as their distinct situations accidentally threw them together. He thought, that upon intimate acquaint-

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ance, they were exactly the two persons best fitted to harmonise.

Aremberg undeceived him. "A radical difference of character exists between us, my dear fellow," he said, "and that unluckily producing the same effect upon both, would for ever prevent us from relishing each other's society. The marshal is silent and awkward in company, from thinking too much of the persons round him; and I am so, from not thinking of them at all. He is nervously apprehensive; I am thought-absorbed. Much conversation, therefore, is not likely to pass between us! — I should have clean forgotten him, when he was probably on the point of jumping out at window, to get rid of me. No, no, my dear Rupert, both he and I must have such friends as yourself, who think of nothing, except following the bent of their own amiable nature, and in doing that, make themselves delightful enough to charm us out of ours."

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"So, I have got nothing but a compliment to myself, after all!" exclaimed Rupert, smiling; and yielding, because he was convinced, he ceased to afflict himself, that his friend and the field-marshal were nearly *terras incognitas* to each other.

Every one spoke of Rupert's breakfasts with the Commander-in-chief; some envied, and many congratulated him upon them. Aremberg predicted they would lead to his friend's just advancement at the proper time; as from them, Marshal Torstenson, was able to estimate his young visitor's capacity.

But Colonel Roselheim only shrugged his shoulders, prayed that the sky might not cloud over, for he knew by experience, what great men's fancies were made of; and exhorted his nephew not to conceit himself an Achilles, only because counts and field-marshals found his little talents useful.

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Against the impenetrably smooth temper of Rupert, these sharp, yet invisible darts fell hurtless. He jested with his uncle upon his own extravagant expectations and small deservings, and pardoned the effusion of a spleen, which never out-lasted its momentary expression.

Upon the subject of Adolpha Falkenberg he was less unruffled; for that touched his heart.

Yet was Rupert not in the least in love with her: but he was not quite sure that he was not; for every body except Arensberg, conspired to tell him that he was; and to confound in an inexperienced, ductile, and affectionate heart, the pleasing sentiments of pure admiration, kindly interest, and grateful regard, with that fearful and devouring passion, whose slightest touch, warns the thrilling soul at once, of what its final grasp will prove.

No method of forwarding a letter to the army, had presented itself to Madame

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Rosenheim since her son's hasty visit; Melchior, therefore, was still left unadvised on the subject of Adolpha, so that he continued to talk of her to Rupert, whenever they were alone, (a circumstance which Rupert soon made occur very rarely,) as the proper object of a serious preference.

Rupert at first treated the thing lightly; then finding that method of silencing his uncle was not effectual, he reprobated more gravely, the idea of any peculiar liking on the side of Adolpha; and represented how impolitic it was, therefore, in those who wished him well, thus to endeavour at awaking presumptuous wishes and false hopes, when the consequences must be fatal to him, should he fail to create an answering sentiment in the lady herself, and a favorable one in that of the god-mother, on whom she depended.

He confessed honestly, that it was impossible for an unattached young man to

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hear incessantly of his being tenderly considered by one of the most *spirituelle* and elegant women he had ever seen; one too, that would possess a fortune which would relieve his mind from the fears that sometimes assailed him for his mother; it was impossible for him to hear this much longer, without yielding himself to the dangerous charm: now he was in his sober senses, and now, he saw the end of such folly — disappointment!

In Adolpha's preference for him, he said, he had no belief whatever; he had never felt the subtle touch of such preference, either by glance or word; and, therefore, his uncle must give him leave to doubt it. As to Madame Krazau, he was very sure she thought of him in no other light, than as one too young, and too poor, and, he would add, too honorable, to have any idea of his seeking the affections of her heiress; and, consequently he could expect nothing from her, but decided opposition and just resentment.

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"Well then, the upshot is," said the colonel, emitting a cloud of smoke from the pipe in his mouth, "you would have no objection to the thing, if the girl liked you, and the old lady was out of the way!"

"No objection! my dear uncle!" repeated Rupert, reddening, and losing some of his composure; "pardon me for telling you, that, not even to bless my mother, would I marry an empress to whom I had only *no objection!* I feel that I could give up the dearest wish I had on earth for my mother, if such a sacrifice were necessary; but that it would be quite impossible for me to cheat another woman out of her happiness, by placing myself in a relation towards her, that implied feelings which were not in my heart."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the good-humoured Melchior, "that was as capital a tragedy-bounce as ever I heard in a booth at Leipsic. Go your ways for a silly boy,

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don't you think I see your are in love all this time, or I would not give myself half an hour's trouble about the business! well, we'll see when Madame Krazau dies, for, die she must, some day or other."

"That is, if you and I outlive her, my dear uncle," rejoined Rupert, the beams of gay good humour playing again over his smiling lips. "We have no express patent against the effect of lead and steel I fancy, to give our strength and health a better chance than Madam Krazau's ailments; so it may be just as wise to leave her days unnumbered, and our own too."

Although Rupert, with such mixed reasonings and railleries managed to silence his uncle's persecutions, (whose precise aim he would not permit himself to understand, was that of taking some steps to make his supposed reciprocal attachment known to its object), he could not so easily silence the promptings of

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his own mind: which often represented to him, that the preference so many saw, must exist; that to return it, was almost an act of duty; that Adolpha was all a man might love, and be proud of loving; and that, if Madam Krazau should hereafter find her god-daughter's happiness depended upon him, and that his growing reputation should in some degree indemnify her for his want of fortune, the event might not be less propitious, than his uncle prophesied.

But, even these thoughts, guarded as they were by the noblest principles of honor and good faith, Rupert banished, as he would have done the whisperings of a subtle demon. "Ah, well! if we are ever thrown together again, and she likes me still, and I have gained a better title to pretend to Madam Krazau's heiress, why it will be time enough to fall in love then."

He said this to himself, while throwing off the deep seriousness that had just

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held him, he hastened away to interest himself solely and wholly, in occupations well adapted to banish tender trains of thought.

The first letters which arrived from Mariendorpt were destined to raise the ghosts of all these conversations between Rupert and his uncle, upon this very subject.

Madame Roselheim reported, that she had received the most gratifying letters from her young cousin and from Madame Krazau, accompanied by a magnificent present of valuable furs for herself and Meeta, from the elder lady; and the same, (as more flattering,) from Adolpha, to Muhldenau and Aremberg's uncle.

This delicate attention to persons so nearly connected with their preservers, seemed in all their eyes more amiable and discerning, than had the presents been made to Rupert and Aremberg themselves; and the finishing touch was put to the perfections of Adolpha in the estimation of Colonel Roselheim, when

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he found that a rich scarf, embroidered by her own fair hands, had accompanied the furs into Holland, with a request that it might be forwarded by the first safe conveyance to the brave Colonel, wherever he might be, with the grateful remembrance of his obliged friend.

Rupert's heart never was in such imminent danger as at this moment. The tumultuous transports of his good uncle, to whom marks of consideration were peculiarly gratifying; the glistening eye of Aremberg pleased for *his* excellent relative; and his own delightful surprise of knowing that the same useful and costly presents had been made to his mother's best friends, as well as to herself, and all from regard for him.

These thoughts, these feelings, sorely assaulted prudence; and had Adolpha been by, perhaps that instant would have thrown him at her feet.

As it was, Rupert rallied himself as well as he could, under Colonel Rosel-

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heim's reproaches for having an ice-block in his breast, instead of a heart; and grounded a pretty successful defence, upon the fact of there being no present for him. "Nor for me, either!" observed Aremberg, who knew the obvious construction which Melchior might put upon that omission, "so if passing a man over is demonstrative of a particular consciousness about him, I flatter myself I stand as high in the old lady's good graces, as you do in those of the younger."

"Thank you! thank you for that!" whispered Rupert, who turning towards his uncle, fell upon him with this new weapon, and used it so skilfully or so unsparingly, that he beat him fairly off the field.

Aremberg did not remain behind him; simply saying in a voice tremulous with strong feeling, as he went out; "All I say upon this, Rupert, is to pray you not to stake too much of your happiness upon this throw, lest it fail you after all; and, above all things, I exhort you

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to understand your own heart thoroughly, before you offer it to a woman, whom from my soul I believe deserving the entire love of the very best man in existence."

This admonition soberised Rupert instantly; and, shaking off the momentary enthusiasm which pleasure and surprise had raised, he betook himself to the safer, and dearer, and truer delight, of reading his mother's letter again.

Faithful to her just resolution of doing nothing to increase a mutual partiality between her son, and his more fortunate cousin, Madame Roselheim bounded herself to the simple recapitulation of the contents of Madame Kragau's courteous yet kind letter; adding only general remarks upon the pleasure she promised herself in the prospect of becoming acquainted with that lady in the spring. But Aremberg showed Rupert the epistle he received from Mr. Vanderhoven; and that imported, that

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Madame Krazau having declared her intention of taking Mariendorpt in her way to Alsace, would remain there a few days; if agreeable to Rupert's and Mr. Aremberg's friends, to receive her personal compliments at that period, upon her obligations to them.

Aware that the little parsonage could neither afford the rooms, nor the entertainment required by a person of Madam Krazau's condition and habits, and ever eager to offer hospitality, Mr. Vanderhoven had accompanied his thanks for the present of Adolpha, by an urgent intreaty that the ladies would do him the honour of considering his country-house as their hotel, while they were at Mariendorpt; to which they might invite him and his nephew from Utrecht, only when they felt inclined for their society.

If this gallant proposal were accepted, Mr. Vanderhoven warned his nephew that the latter must contrive to be at Mariendorpt about the time these visitors

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were expected; as their reception otherwise would be exceedingly embarrassing to all parties; particularly as Rupert, from his positive employments, could not be supposed to ask leave during a campaign, for so requisite an attention.

Mr. Vanderhoven took this opportunity of insinuating something like an enquiry, of whether Mauritius did not think it was high time for him to settle permanently at the head of some respectable congregation, in town or country? since it was to be hoped that his mind had long ago recovered the firmness necessary to enable him to do so: and that now the great object was effected of the young Roselheim's conversion, he would turn his attention towards the minor one, of his uncle's pride and comfort in his society.

Both friends acknowledged the propriety of the first plan, and felt the force of the last plea. The latter was a subject which had often of late entered into

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the contemplations of Aremberg: but he still trembled, more perhaps with the memory of past anguish, than the fear of the same in the future, at the idea of establishing himself in a home, — and that, a home in Holland!

He knew too, how much it would cost him to part from Rupert; and what a void his loss would make in that affectionate heart: but duty and inclination also, demanded this effort, (for Aremberg loved his uncle, and preferred domestic fixedness, to change of persons and places,) and he was sure of carrying away with him, many a gratifying recollection wherewith to sweeten the frequent insipidity of a single life.

He could remember, not only the essential service rendered to Rupert, but much good that he had done among the soldiery, over whose disorderly habits, his persuasions and arguments had acquired almost a despotic sway. He knew that the tears of many a comforted

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widow and pensioned orphan, would embalm his recollection in the camp; and meditating, therefore, far more than his unconscious friend suspected, he talked over the proposed visit. It was then settled, that should Madam Krazau adhere to her intention, and consent to transfer herself to Mr. Vanderhoven's house, Aremberg was to secure permission for a short absence from his voluntary duties; and when he had made the whole party fairly acquainted, (and he secretly thought, when he should have ascertained how far Rupert might trust to Adolpha's preference, and to Madam Krazau's romantic renunciation of higher views for her,) he would break away, and return to fix or to disperse the present floating inclinations of his young friend.

The unrelenting season, still preventing military operations of any moment, the officers and men under Torstenson had four or five weeks in safe

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and pleasant quarters, in the best garrison towns of Saxony.

Rupert mixed freely with the inhabitants of these towns, engaging the friendship of a few, and the kindness of all that enjoyed his amiable society. In some female hearts he made an interest which he neither suspected nor sought: for the natural frankness and *brotherliness* of his disposition; his talent of amusing, and power of interesting; joined to the singular nobleness and grace of his figure, made him dangerous where he little suspected it himself.

He learnt this mischievous endowment of his, from a circumstance which gave him brief uneasiness. At the levées and private dinners of the Commander-in-chief, he now and then met a General nearly of the same age and standing as the former, but one who piqued himself upon his successes in gallantry. On their first introduction, General Wrangel, (a name illustrated by conquests

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of a higher nature,) had noticed Rupert with polite freedom; but lately he met him without other recognition, than a proud and slight touch of his hat, to the other's respectfully lifted one; and was heard often to call him "good-looking coxcomb," "young puppy," &c.

One, who knew the secret of this change, officiously repeated it to Rupert. It was the flattering notice of a beauty in Halle, to whom Wrangel was paying court, and whose inclination for the young hero, was as evident as her scorn of the elder one.

Rupert affected not to believe this information for the lady's sake; but he felt it rankle within him: and though he cared not for the lady, and smiled at so pitiful a cause for enmity, he nevertheless dreaded it; lest malice should find revenge in robbing him of worthier favour.

Of this, however, there was no prospect at present; for Count Cratzenstien

treated him with familiar good-will, and the field-marshal with increasing show of deep interest: but as every rose has its thorn, even these personal distinctions brought a disagreeable feeling with them. His kind-hearted, vainly-aspiring uncle was nowise preferred to other officers of his rank; nay, was sometimes less brought forward in councils and official meetings than they.

Not yet aware that Torstenson, who had made many campaigns with Colonel Roselheim, when the latter was under Duke Bernard of Saxe-Wiemar, knew his capacity thoroughly, and carefully kept him from situations above his powers of head; reserving for him, only such as demanded obedience without limits, and resolution unto death; — not aware of this yet, Rupert tasked his thoughts to discover why his uncle was so overshadowed: and he fancied the solution, lay in that rough familiarity of manner which his relation had cultivated by

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choice, and which never made any distinction between private or generalissimo.

This, it was probable, gave disgust to men of apprehensive feelings, or jealous pride. Rupert lamented it; while he marvelled at the extraordinary dissimilarity that existed between his uncle and his father: children of the same parents; inheriting the same advantages of birth and education; and equally destined to hew out their own fortunes, by the same means.

Nothing, indeed, could be more unlike than these brothers.

Different tastes, producing different manners, (for our manners are the result of our taste,) made their characters as distinct as their persons.

The figure of Melchior was low, square, sinewy, and always ill-dressed: his features, though not bad, were hard and weather-beaten: so that with mustachios somewhat sandy-coloured, and hair ne-

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glected, he had rather the air of a common adventurer, than that of a well-born commander.

Rhinegravestein's person, on the contrary, appeared to have been moulded expressly by nature, to suit any rank in which fortune might hereafter place him. His apparel seemed always cut in a nobler fashion, yet worn with a nobler negligence than other men's.

How distinctly did his image rise up before Rupert at the moment of his making this comparison! He fancied him, as he had seen him one day, at a review in Vienna, when believing himself late, the Count had ridden up at full speed into the midst of his staff.

Rupert saw him again, reining in his fiery steed, himself all glowing with eagerness and exercise, like a gem new rubbed. The frank smile of his father's lips, the gracious light of his eyes, the cheering encouragement of his voice, while speaking to each division of the troops as it

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passed him, became the Hero, and might have suited the Prince. All, all, were present in Rupert's memory.

He remembered even the very dress his father wore that day.

It was a doublet of perfumed leather, diapered with gold; which, fitting tightly to the very top of the throat, gave full effect to the lofty air of its wearer's head. A large hat, in the fashion of the time, falling down on one shoulder, and turned up on the other side by a streaming feather, contrasted well with the glossy blackness of his hair, and the dark damask of his cheek.

The only ornaments he wore, were a few massy scales upon the shoulders of his vest, and the star of a new dignity embroidered upon his cloak.

Sweetness, dignity, and hilarity were in all the movements of his body, and the expressions of his face.

"And yet, this man," Rupert said to himself, "had at his heart the conscious-

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ness ——" he stopt, recollecting that his father seemed always to forget himself, and every personal feeling, perhaps only to remember his glory, when engaged with great military spectacles. At other times, Rupert had seen the most afflicting expressions suddenly alter his features, aye, even amid scenes of mirth and flattering homage; and even then, he had found it difficult to believe, that the cause was what his father said it was, — acute bodily pain.

Grief and gladness came with this recollection: for Rupert might pity the guilty parent whose soul writhed at times under the grasp of remorse, when he must have shrunk in horror from that parent, could he have committed the same crime and have forgotten it.

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CHAP. VII.

WINTER terminated; and the second month of a new year, saw the Swedish army in full march to Bohemia, where the Imperialists were again in great force, retaking what they had lost in the last campaign.

The Bavarians, under Rhinegravestein and Merci, meanwhile were making head in Suabia; keeping the French there in check; and thus preventing their junction, at a critical moment, with the other troops of the union.

Rupert was therefore relieved from the only fear that haunted him, that of finding himself in the same field with his father, for a different cause.

But in the cause of the civil and reli-

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gious liberties of the Protestant subjects of the empire, Rupert now took tenfold interest. Formerly, though condemning their tenets, he had lamented the coercive measures adopted against them, upon principles of pure humanity and Christian charity. But now, believing those opinions right, and their demands lawful, he felt called upon to maintain them at the expense of his blood in the field, or on the scaffold. Conscience kept him, therefore, where Fortune placed him: and thus ennobling his profession by principles of true patriotism, and vital religion, he was prepared to meet courageously the evil he most dreaded, that of encountering his father in the day of battle.

It was not with a slight degree of emotion, that the son of Henrietta Stolzenberg entered Bohemia. The possessions of his maternal ancestors lay among those distant and stupendous mountains, whose awful snows, he saw

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glittering afar off in the east. The lesser, yet equally romantic ones which he was now crossing in the road from Saxony, carpeted as they were with crimson heaths, were beautiful and picturesque to his eye; but his spirit was at Zeirendahl, where the youth of his mother, and the most virtuous days of his father had been spent.

Tears of lingering affection for the one, of sympathy with the other, dimmed his eyes, as descending the Ertzebirge, into the deep basin formed by the circle of surrounding mountains, he strained his sight, as though it were possible to see across the kingdom, to the foot of the Sudets.

The house there, with its wide demesne of forests, fisheries, and mines, was now the property of the Imperial crown; and perhaps while the son of its rightful owner was entering that country, with no richer possession than his sword, some venal courtier, or fierce exe-

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cutioner of vengeance, was rioting in the seat and revenues of his forefathers.

Such thoughts were of a quality to stir the gentle blood of Rupert into something like impatient and fiery indignation; and feeling this tendency in them, he strove to banish so unusual a mood, by admiring with Aremberg, as they rode together, the magnificent stretches of country which often gleamed through the narrow perspective of some steep defile, or opened full upon them, by the sudden receding of the mountains.

Winter's snows were yet lying on the tops even of the inferior hills; but the gigantic forests of larch and pine, which hung upon their skirts, had their dark branches already tipped with the first bright shoots which harbinger the spring.

The murmurs of their thick boughs as the wind stirred them above the abrupt precipices and close defiles through which the troops were marching, and the occasional glimpses of the clear blue sky which

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they admitted, were as pleasant to the eye as to the ear.

Rupert loitered now and then behind in the desultory march, to watch the descending files of the troops, (often to sketch them on the corner of a letter,) winding down the rocky pass; forming picturesque masses of light and shade as they sometimes sunk, and then emerged again from under the deep shadow of projecting cliffs; their arms glittering in the sun; and the regular return of their measured steps as they trod the sounding road, making a sort of hollow music, with the dashing of distant torrents.

Then the clash of cymbals, or the blast of a trumpet, startling all the echoes, would announce the approach of other divisions; and another long train of cavalry and infantry, with its war carriages and baggage waggons, would succeed in the moving picture.

The gay, the thoughtless soldier, marching indifferently to life or death, jesting

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to-day with his comrades, and to-morrow a mangled corse by their side, did not awaken the feeling with which Rupert's eyes and thoughts followed these successive groups. The innocent children, and defenceless women upon the baggage-waggons, were the objects of his commiseration: and as he looked after them, half-clothed, half-fed, yet with countenances strongly compounded of joyousness and suffering, even he, young as he was, felt how much woman is capable, when affection leads her on; even he, felt, that the feeble creature who is destined thus to love, thus to dare, and thus to endure, may lay claim to greater heroism than man, who has the pains of war and want lessened to him, by the power and privilege of wrestling against their many evils.

"'Tis a strange world this, Aremberg!" he said, recovering himself from a melancholy fit of reflection with a half sigh, and trying to smile it away "We

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seem born into it, only to afflict, and to destroy each other!"

"Certainly born into it, to discipline each other, for a better," was Aremberg's calm reply, with not less commiseration in his heart than Rupert.

"How do you mean?"

"Why surely, if there was no wrong, there would be no meekness, no patience, no forgiveness, no triumph over the natural desire of vengeance: if no want, then no active benevolence, no charitable self-denials: if no woe, no exercise for that amiable heart-bettering pity we are now feeling. I need not pursue my homily further, I think?"

"I'll take it for the text of another!" said Rupert, with his characteristic cheerfulness of phrase and manner, even when most affected; and wrapping his cloak round him, and actually doing as he said, rode on in silent and uncommunicated thought.

When the army reached the Egra,

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information was given to the Field-Marshal, that the Emperor and Archduke Leopold were in Prague; but that a strong protecting force, under the Imperial Generals Goertz and Hartzfeldt, occupied an entrenched camp some leagues in advance of that city.

It was now that Rupert saw the omnipotence of Soul; the sickly, sight-shunning Torstenson seemed not to acquire a new body, but to throw the old one off, and be all spirit: a daring resolution was taken, and executed with the celerity of light. Too impatient of delay to wait the slow observation of another, and absolved of rashness by the value of the stake for which he strove, he determined to ride himself, and *reconnoitre* the camp of the enemy.

If he should find that, less well-defended than was described: if the ground about it should afford favourable points of attack, and the numbers of the enemy not be superior to his

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own, then he might venture to divide his troops; and while he should force their camp with one part, attempt the surprise of Prague with the other.

To seize the person of the Emperor would be check-mate in the great game they were playing; and Torstenson therefore, taking only a few dragoons with him, his colonel of engineers, and one aid-de-camp, hastened to put his plan into execution. He chose the first hour of day-break, as the one least likely to expose him to discovery, should he come unawares upon the Imperial lines; and tolerably sure that the movements of his own troops had been too rapid, and ably masqued by skilful feints, to be known to those of Austria, he rode off, fearless of any other danger than that of coming too close upon the camp itself.

Rupert, who longed for a share in the reconnoitring party, left his bed to see them depart; and remained loiter-

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ing about in the open air, amusing away his anxiety for their return, by seeing the sun rise above the mountains of Silesia, and watching the heavy vapours rolling down their majestic sides, like foaming cataracts.

The troop to which Rupert belonged were to exercise early that morning, preparatory to their going out foraging. Missing one of the men, he enquired the reason; and heard from the quarter-master, that he had not been seen since late the preceding night. A circumstance flashed at this instant upon Rupert's mind, which, coupled with this suspicious non-appearance, excited proportionate alarm. He remembered to have seen this soldier startlingly near him, as he was walking up and down about supper-time, with the Marshal's aid-de-camp, hearing from him the purpose of the party going out at day-break.

It is true, the conversation had passed

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in French, a practice common with the well-educated officers when they discussed private affairs; but this man might have served often enough with the troops of the Prince de Condé to understand their language, and make a vile use of his knowledge. He might in short have deserted to the camp of the Emperor, with intelligence of the Swedish commander's present enterprize.

This thought no sooner struck Rupert, than he flew to Count Cratzenstein's quarters, roused him, and communicated his suspicions: remarked upon the long absence of the reconnoitring party, and ventured to ask permission to order out another troop or two, to ride forward, and assure themselves of the Marshal's safety.

Cratzenstein directly saw the reasonableness of these conjectures, and gave the orders required.

Rupert's troop, of course, was one ap-

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pointed to the service, and being already mounted, rode forward without waiting for their comrades. Urging on his men, and spurring his horse, Rupert was foremost on the road which the brave Torstenson had taken two hours before.

They had advanced far and fast, when, as they approached a hollow way between two wooded hills, the sound of repeated pistol-shots, told them that close fighting was going on.

Rupert now put his horse at full speed: every man did the same; and they were soon in the midst of the ambuscade which had indeed snared the noble Torstenson.

Most of the brave fellows who had accompanied their general, were lying killed or wounded round him; and he was himself making a gallant stand, like the last vessel of a shattered fleet, stranded, but disdaining still to strike, when Rupert galloped into the defile

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followed by the rest of the troop, and cut down his assailants.

Rupert had the joy and the distinction of remounting his commander upon the very horse he had received from him, then seizing another, whose saddle was vacant, joined in the route of the panic-struck Imperialists.

These, after the first moment of surprize and alarm, attempted to turn upon their pursuers, and a sharp skirmish ensued: but they were again put to flight, some taken, many, alas! killed, and the remainder forced to seek shelter in their own lines.

One of Rupert's old Westphalian troopers did justice upon the vile deserter that had betrayed his commander. The fellow was in the ambuscade, for the purpose of pointing out Torstenson's person; and he was the first victim to the avenging sabre of his truer comrade.

Slightly wounded in his bridle-arm,

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but all buoyant with joy for the happy termination of this affair, Rupert left to the additional troop, that were only just come up, the duty which they now could best and quickest fulfil, of carrying off the wounded, while he put his horse again at full speed, to overtake the Marshal and colonel of engineers.

Torstenson's "green and yellow cheek" was more bloodless than ordinary, with concern for the fall of his aid-de-camp, and the loss of many brave privates, the companions of former dangers. But he was thankful, he said, that a field-marshal of Sweden had not fallen thus ingloriously in a corner, by the hands of ruffians rather than soldiers; for so he felt justified in calling a body of horse and foot, lurking to rush out upon a party of twelve.

He was indebted, he added, to the fortunate misgiving of Count Cratzenstein, and to the prompt gallantry of the officers and men employed upon this service.

Rupert received these thanks in com-

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mon with the rest of his comrades, inwardly thrilling with a consciousness that the highest praise was his due, and trusting that Count Cratzenstein would do him the justice not to withhold it from him.

"It is all over now, about Prague!" said Torstenson, abruptly, after a long fit of serious and sad musing, turning from his officer of engineers to the observing Rupert: "I mean, there is no longer any chance of surprizing the Emperor there: he will know enough by this time, to make *him* take wing. But though I see that Goertz's camp is impracticable to all but troops like mine, I *have* seen it, and by the great day of Lutzen, I'll force it, or die in the last charge!" The Marshal then said a few inspiriting words to the officers of the two troops, upon the business of their different duties; and having reached his own lines, hastened to summon a military council, for the purpose of deciding, whether from the observations he had made of the enemy's

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strength and dispositions, (previous to his falling into the ambuscade,) it would be right to attack them at once, ere they had time to foresee his intentions, and oppose greater obstacles to his success.

The opinion of the majority met that of the Commander-in-chief: one or two of the officers that composed it, remained a short time afterwards with Torstenson, and then they also dispersed.

Rupert was summoned to the Field-marshal, just as he heard with tumultuous feelings that a battle was determined on.

He found Torstenson alone: the feeble valetudinarian was changed into the ardent hero once more.

"It is to you, then, brave Roselheim, that I owe my safety!" he cried, embracing him with animation. "Count Cratzenstein has told me all. I have long wished for an opportunity of testifying my esteem for you; but I had no right to make one; or rather, had no right to give you, before-hand, the rewards

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I foresaw your merit would deserve; bnt no man can murmur at my paying a debt of justice, as well as gratitude. I have nominated you to the place of poor Wismar; be ready in an hour to attend me into the field, with the other officers of my staff."

Rupert's attempt at thanks was suffocated by his surprize and excess of gratitude. Such promotion was all to him to whom promotion was every thing. Independence, expectation, distinction, happiness: — his mother's subsistence, and her heart's joy also! He actually bent one knee momentarily to the ground, seized and kissed the marshal's hand.

"Young man — young man — this is too much," exclaimed Torstenson, disengaging his hand with something like consternation.

"O, Sir, — you know not," Rupert faltered out in great confusion; "you cannot guess half the importance this is to me! I have a mother, and she —"

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"Say no more: I understand you: enough, enough." And as the amiable Torstenson spoke, he drew out his handkerchief, and applied it with trepidation to his face.

When he removed it, Rupert was gone.

They met an hour afterwards at the head of the columns; and the next hour brought them in front of the enemy.

In the military histories of that period may be found the particulars of the great battle, that was the consequence of this meeting: it was bloody: ably planned; and obstinately contested. Torstenson was every where; ranging over the field like some spirit of fire; breathing it into the hearts of his soldiers; and teaching them by his example, that an unconquerable will, triumphs over pain and weakness, and renews even the life's blood as it flows.

The Imperialists were twice broken,

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and twice returned to the charge with redoubled fury.

Rupert honoured the favor of his commander, not so much by the destruction his arm dealt, and dealt with merciful reluctance, as by the gallant disregard of his own life, which he manifested throughout the day.

He was seen, several times, galloping singly under the heavy fire of whole columns, volunteering the desperate service of thus conveying orders with greater dispatch to divisions which were suffering more than needful, from ignorance of the changes making in other parts of the field.

The quickness with which he seized the Marshal's ideas, and the promptitude and completeness with which he executed them, more than once elicited a word or a look from the latter, which, for the instant, converted the scene of death and horror into a triumph.

The battle lasted from noon till even-

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ing; terminating in a complete victory on the side of the Swedes.

The army of the Imperialists was wholly annihilated: Goertz himself killed; and the second in command, General Hartzfeldt, taken, along with the flower of his officers.

The joy of this victory was balanced in some degree by the vexation of losing the prize it was first fought for. The Emperor and Archduke escaped, though in humiliating disguise, and with great difficulty. The country, however, all round Prague lay at the feet of the conqueror, whose greatest wish was to secure protection to such as might return from concealment, or exile, to their homes.

Many promotions followed the day of Jankovitz: it had cost even the victors dear. Rupert, already advanced beyond his most sanguine expectations, felt overpaid for his gallant conduct, by a public notice of it, in the official thanks of Torstenson to his officers and men.

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But one circumstance cut him to the heart. His uncle, who had fought like a lion, was reproved, though privately and delicately, for an imprudent and useless waste of lives in an attempt to carry the post of a mill, which the enemy had fortified and maintained with as much ability as bravery; and which the Colonel should have known was of comparatively small consequence.

The post was carried, it is true, after three desperate assaults; but with such expense of brave men, that Torstenson knew it was incumbent upon him to point out the pernicious tendency of such blind valour; and to teach his old companion in arms, that determination, and obstinacy, are not the same thing: that determination is the virtue of reasonable man; obstinacy the vice of wilful childhood.

Torstenson, ever present to himself on great occasions, did this unpleasant duty firmly, even while paying a just tribute

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to his old comrade's incomparable valour.

Colonel Roselheim, who had reckoned upon a very different reception, heard him in silence, bowed, then muttered some unintelligible words, and went back to his own quarters.

Rupert, who had feared something like this, from the general sort of praise bestowed on Colonel Roselheim in the Field-Marshal's address, and from the decision of his own judgment, hastened to seek him.

He found him walking up and down his small room, not as he expected, in a flame of resentment; but quite heart-struck, and crying like a child.

There is something inexpressibly moving in the sight of a person in tears, whom we are used to see always happy or careless; especially if we love that person, and they are no longer young.

At sight of Rupert, Melchior hastily

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wiped his eyes with one of the long locks of his hair, which the former, for the first time, observed was grey. That simple circumstance, by marking his uncle's age, rendered his present distress more touching, and he took him affectionately by the hand.

"My dear uncle!" he said, unable to proceed. "Your disgraced, ill-used uncle!" repeated the veteran, shame turning grief into anger again. "I bled at every pore on Thursday: if I had had a thousand lives I might have lost them all, for I exposed myself enough! but I was not to die like a soldier in the field, but live to have my spirit broken out of it, by an old friend, once kind-hearted, now turned into a fretful, supercilious general: if this is all the thanks I get, I'll throw up my commission."

"Sir! Sir! dear uncle!" exclaimed Rupert, following the hasty strides the other was making towards the door,

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"do not be rash; — stay — and tell me what is the cause of all this."

"I tell you boy, that I am disgraced!" said Melchior deliberately, turning round his head, and looking sternly back at him; "disgraced by your patron, Field-Marshal Torstenson."

"It cannot be, Sir!" exclaimed Rupert, disregarding the possible taunt to himself. "You may be blamed for having risked your valuable life too much, and for that many a hero has been blamed before you; justly so: but never disgraced! never disgraced, my dear uncle! nothing but cowardice or ferocity can disgrace a soldier!"

Melchior turned hastily round without replying, and at once threw himself upon his nephew's neck. His heart was too full for speech.

Rupert pressed the veteran strongly against his breast, for he felt from the labouring motion of the latter's, that he was

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wholly subdued. While he held him there, he could not help saying to himself, "O the curse of having an ambition beyond our powers!"

He knew, too surely, that whatever private regard Marshal Torstenson might have for any man, as commander-in-chief he was bound in conscience to advance that man only in proportion to his public merit: to reprove or to sanction his actions, just as they tended to the general good.

He knew that his uncle had no other military merit whatever, except invincible resolution, perfect indifference to life, and strict obedience to orders. Thus, he was one of the most valuable instruments a general could use, upon fixed occasions: but whenever the exercise of an informed judgment was necessary; whenever sudden emergencies demanded new combinations, and the assumption of high responsibility;

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then Colonel Roselheim was lost, and unhappily not lost alone.

Rupert saw this distinctly, in the affair of the disputed mill, and he foresaw, as distinctly, with bitter concern, that his uncle must never hope to rise to any command of importance: he had reached the acmé of the rank destined to him, in reaching that of colonel of a regiment; and as colonel of a regiment only, must he expect to remain for the rest of his life.

But this Rupert durst not, would not say: all he could do, consistent with truth and affection, was to fix his uncle's eyes upon the bright part of his martial character, its dauntless intrepidity; and to convince him that his was considered equal to the proudest name of the war.

Rupert had much to say upon the subject of the private soldiers' estimation of Colonel Roselheim's merits; for in their sight, personal courage is every

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thing; and at that the Colonel brightened.

"Yes!" he cried, "I believe the poor rascals like me, and think I'm not well used, to have children put over my head, or dandled in the Marshal's arms, as a girl dandles a new doll! No offence to you, my dear Rupert. Give me the voice of the camp, after all! Your common soldier is your true judge of who ought to have promotion, and who not, when any is going; for he is to get nothing in the scramble himself; except the pleasure of marching after a spirited officer, or the vexation of trailing a pike, or wasting away in a leaguer, under a scurvy one: then you think the troops consider me ill used?"

"I must not say that, dear uncle," replied Rupert, a little embarrassed, "otherwise I must say, they think the Field-marshal himself ill used."

"In the devil's name, how do you make that out?"

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"I mean, that the Marshal may be blamed as well as you, for too rash an exposure of himself, in that reconnoitring affair; or rather for not providing against the possibility of a rencontre with the enemy. You know he blamed himself; and that is all he has done to you. Don't you perceive now, that men equally brave, run often into the same faults?"

Colonel Roselheim was in a transport: he passed in an instant from the extreme of grief and resentment, to the height of good humour and forgiveness. "I forgot that, I forgot that, my dear nephew!" he exclaimed, repeatedly, "Aye, aye, Torstenson did say he had acted foolishly. I remember he said, at council, that he ought to have provided support for himself in case of a rencontre. Well then, its fair he should give *me* a little brush. I'll forgive him the dealing out the commissions like court cards amongst his favorites. Come, it's not so bad, after all! he spoke handsomely enough of me in

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the address — something about *prodigies of valour*, wasn't it? hang the promotion! Curse me, if I should care the shot of a pop-gun for it, if it wasn't a mark of a man's merit. I mean I should not value the paltry money it puts in one's pocket:" and the good Melchior, with child-like simplicity, began whistling a lively march.

Rupert, gay as he was constitutionally, almost envied this happy temperament: he deemed it a singular gift of nature; forgetting that his own was equally disposed to cheerfulness; but that he had, in addition, a sensibility too nicely tuned not to vibrate long after the rough hand was withdrawn, which had shaken it; and a judgment too clear-sighted, to be made to see only parts of a subject, as he had charitably prevailed upon his uncle to do.

Satisfied, however, and comforted, by having restored the kind relative he loved, to perfect good humour, he left him no

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time for a relapse; but carried him out amongst the different guards, where the soldiers' animated salute, and the murmur of "There goes the brave Colonel," quickened the blood in his cheek, and expelled all the gall from his heart.

After the victory at Jankovitz, many of the fortified towns fell of themselves to the Swedes: but Prague was still strongly held by the Imperialists; and in the present state of the war, other objects, were thought of greater consequence, and pursued acordingly.

Agreeable to the plan of the campaign, Torstenson penetrated into Moravia, where he laid siege to Brunn, in expectation of a strong reinforcement from the French army, under the Vicomte de Turenne, who was already in full march to join him from the Brisgau.

Rupert was not destined to have any part in this siege.

He was entrusted with the commission of destroying a bridge over a very rapid

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and unfordable river, on the confines of Bohemia and Moravia, which it was necessary for the Swedes to command entirely: he was also instructed to take and to maintain a small but strong fort, at the mouth of a pass; and for this purpose a company of artillery was added to the picked body, (known at that time under the denomination of commanded men,) which were placed at his orders.

This commission executed, Rupert hoped to rejoin the main army; to which his uncle, his friend Aremberg, in short, all the persons he most valued, were attached.

When the young soldier set out upon this distinguishing command, he turned his eyes instinctively towards the Sudet mountains, and wished that his business had lain amongst them. He had a natural longing to look upon the house in which his mother was born, and which ought to be hers still; though conscious that the sight of it, would cause him a

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severe pang. But duty called him another way.

That part of Bohemia through which he had lately passed, and was now going, had often a richer, and sometimes a more romantic appearance than that immediately surrounding Prague. Beautiful undulations of country, covered with hop-grounds, and high crops of maize, lay at the foot of these mountains. Nightingales were singing from all the thickets; larks soaring and warbling above all the fields. In the numerous orchards, every thing announced the thrilling season of spring. There the bright red of the peach-blossoms, the brilliant white of those of the cherry, the velvet-down of the young vine-shoots, and the aromatic smell they emitted, vied in sweetness and beauty with the hedges, either coming into flower, or mantled with that living green which is gladdening yet tender as the smile of infancy; and with the perfume of the wild violets on the banks below.

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Further off, towards the warmer region, the cultivation appearing less, yet the vegetation stronger, the plains were flaming with the sun-coloured flowers of the melon, and the hills clothed with vineyards in full leaf.

Rupert felt the beauty of the scene, and the influence of that happy climate which is said to render Bohemia one of the most favoured spots under heaven; and he sighed, even while he felt this, to think that Bohemia might have been his country, and was not.

But there were other causes for sighing; deeper ones; and he felt their power.

Amid these smiling regions of sylvan beauty and spontaneous plenty, the iron step of war, crushing what it trod on, was alas, to be traced!

Fire and sword had laid waste many a populous valley, and driven its poor inhabitants naked and houseless, to beg desperate alms of the passing soldier, who might be friend or foe.

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As they passed many a romantic hollow of the hills, Rupert frequently saw the little hamlet that had sheltered there among smiling enclosures and tufted trees, lying a heap of stones or of ashes, all silent and desolate, like the nest of some plundered bird.

At such sights he was ready to throw down his hated weapons, and retread his steps back to obscurity and peace. And had the sword he held, been drawn from mercenary motives alone; had not a sense of justice, and the voice of conscience led him on; so would he have acted, thus strongly wrought on. But the guilt of all this devastation and woe was not upon the heads of those he fought under: it lay with the faithless and intolerant power that put not only the bodies, but the souls of his Protestant subjects in chains; and upon him, therefore, was all the blood, and all the tears, shed during this memorable struggle.

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The commission entrusted to Rupert, by Torstenson, he executed with ability and dispatch: the castle was stormed, and taken; and the bridge broken down, which commanded the course of the river.

He effected the first object with inconsiderable loss, so masterly had been his plan of attack, and so prompt its performance; but he was himself very near paying the forfeit of his life, for the success of the enterprize.

The sudden fall of a gateway under which he was rushing when he surprized the fortress, buried several of his brave companions, and wounded himself so severely, that he was scarcely sensible to any thing when extricated from the ruins.

While the second in command was securing the place, and providing against the escape of prisoners, Rupert was carried into the chamber of the commandant, and their own surgeon summoned to examine his state.

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Great injury of the right side, and a serious contusion on the same shoulder, were found to be the worst consequences of his accident; and the surgeon gave it at once as his opinion, that they would disable the young hero from serving, for the whole remainder of the campaign.

Rupert's dismay at this, was in proportion to the brilliancy of the prospects from which he must thus withdraw, even on their threshold.

He interrogated the surgeon again and again: still received the same hard sentence; and felt at last, in spite of his own vain wishes to the contrary, that he must indeed give up, for a while, the promise of his fortune.

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CHAP. VIII.

RUPERT was lying stretched on a mattress after the surgeon left him, eagerly conversing, in defiance of the latter's orders, with the officer of artillery upon whom the task devolved of sending intelligence of their success, and the particulars of their conquest, number of prisoners, strength of the castle, &c. when a quarter-master entered with information that a very important prisoner was just found in a vaulted passage under the fortress, and that they had secured him with the others.

"Who is it?" asked Rupert eagerly.

"The son of the Count of Rhinegravestein, Sir."

Rupert started off the couch, repeat-

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ing the man's words with a bewildered air. "His son! he has no son of an age, — no other, than — " disorder and surprize stopt his words.

The quarter-master proceeded to tell him, that the prisoner in question was only a child; that he had been at the baths of Egra for some complaint, under the care of a governor, who had fled with him on the entrance of the Swedes into Bohemia, purposing to enter Austria through Moravia; but the child falling ill again, they had stopped on their way, and finally sought shelter in the castle of St. Vladimir, when Torstenson's army were known to be marching in the direction they meant to take.

Rupert scarcely breathed, with overcoming feelings, "And the child's governor!" he asked: "no harm has happened to him, I hope! bring them to me directly — apologize that I cannot go to them. Mansfeldt, (turning to his companion,) can you pardon me? I

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must see these prisoners, and alone. My head is all confusion;" but he laid his hand on his heart.

Rupert spoke with such unusual trepidation, that Mansfeldt attributing it to extreme suffering from his hurts, and agitation at the important capture just announced, advised him to make these prisoners say all they had to say, as quickly as possible, and then compose himself, or a dangerous fever night ensue. Rupert could only bow, and feign a smile of assent, and Mansfeldt withdrew.

The door had scarcely closed on him, when the sound of a child's voice, that loveliest of sounds, was heard in the passage: it went direct to Rupert's heart; and he was ashamed of the tumult it caused there. But it was connected with so many tender and sad recollections! it was the voice of that little brother, innocent himself, though the offspring of culpable parents; that brother whom Rupert regarded with kind

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pity for the very reason which had made sterner natures hate him, because he was the unconscious usurper of his birth-right.

The door opened as he was thinking thus, and a tall, bending figure, habited in the garb of a Franciscan, entered, leading in a pale and interesting child.

"Come forward, reverend Father! I pray you, come forward," Rupert said, with difficulty, trying once more to raise himself, and now unable to do so, from excess of softer emotion. "I have no strength left."

The monk advanced silently, with an air of striking dignity.

"Let me look at your young charge, I pray," Rupert said again, lifting his head from the mattress, and stretching out the only hand he could now use.

"Go to that gentleman, my Lord Julian," said his governor, gently, but decisively. The child obeyed.

"Julian!" tenderly repeated Rupert,

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taking hold of his trembling hand; and as he pronounced that name, ten thousand mingled feelings and subduing recollections ran thrilling to his heart.

"Julian! when last I saw thee!" he fixed his eyes upon the child, till tears blinded them; then earnestly kissing his forehead, he turned to the Franciscan, and said, in a suffocated voice, "You marvel at my strangeness, Sir, but I, too, am the Count of Rhinegravestein's son."

The monk crossed himself. "His son! that son who — what then is to be our fate!"

"If it rests with me," interrupted Rupert, with commendable warmth, "you cannot doubt what it will be. I would not injure, or see injured, a hair of this innoccent head, to gain a kingdom. Heaven's blessing be on it rather!" Again he laid his hand upon the dark head of the little boy, whose childish fear over, he was now caught by the

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tassels of his brother's collar, and playing with them.

Rupert's brimming and meditative eyes were fixed, in not unpleasing thought, upon the ground. He remembered what romantic imaginations he had given way to, on the evening of Julian's christening, when, wandering far from the festive halls of the castle, he had solaced himself with fancying a time in which he might minister to the happiness and improvement of this infant brother.

That time was come; and by one of those signal dispensations of Providence which strike the soul with awe, attended with unforeseen circumstances, of such power in Rupert, and so many temptations in his own and his mother's wrongs, to use it ruthlessly, that he felt a lively satisfaction in his own nature, when he found that he had no revengeful inclination to subdue.

While the expressions which these reflections caused to flash and vanish

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from his countenance, were alternately exciting apprehension and reliance, Father Joachim considered him attentively. "You speak nobly, Sir," he said at length: "you look true: I will endeavour to believe that you can act the same."

"I pardon the suspicion," returned Rupert, after an instant's heart-swell, "you probably know little of the motives which led me to throw myself friendless upon the world. It is not necessary for me to exculpate myself to any earthly being; so let that rest. If, after you have indulged me a while longer, with your own and my brother's company, you will retire for half an hour, I will employ the time in adding your names to the return of prisoners, and in dictating such a letter to the Commander-in-chief as will, I am confident, enable me not only to set you both at liberty, but to have you conducted safely to the frontier of Austria."

There is a resistless power in truth,

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which can pierce through the stoniest prejudice, and make the most cautious or worldly characters believe in the most unworldly and romantic intentions. Such was the effect of Rupert's last speech, uttered artlessly, but earnestly. The unconscious appeal of his eyes to Heaven, when he expressed himself indifferent to human opinion, was not lost upon the keen observation of the Franciscan, with whom there was no lack of answering greatness of original character, but much prejudice; and he bowed less coldly than before.

"I thank you, Sir, for myself, and for Lord Julian; and I hope your excellent purpose may not be frustrated by higher authorities. It will give the Count of Rhinegravestein much comfort to know that you are in life, I am sorry I cannot say in health also; sorrier still, that I see a son of the true church bearing arms for her enemies."

"You mistake, Father," Rupert mildly

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answered; "I thank God, I am no longer a Catholic."

The Franciscan started and frowned. He gathered up his robes in silence; and snatching Julian's hand somewhat quickly out of the fondly-caressing one of his brother, abruptly quitted the apartment.

Rupert felt his strength ebb all at once, when those objects of arousing emotion were thus withdrawn; and calling to the guard in the outer room, he summoned Mansfeldt; dictated a letter which let his amanuensis into the secret of the young hero's late agitation; then, while instructing him what further to say in a post-script, fell back with pain and complete exhaustion.

The surgeon, who was summoned, of course forbade all access to his patient, after this proof of weakness; and for the next five or six days, Rupert's fever ran so high, and any increase of it from the excitement of society, was so likely to prove fatal, that even Aremberg, who had

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returned from Brunn with the bearer of Marshal Torstenson's answer, was obliged to refrain from seeing and attending upon him. He consoled himself, however, for this painful restraint, by doing what he knew would best please his friend, watching over the comfort and respectful treatment of the little Julian.

This was no easy, or rather, no pleasurable task. The Franciscan armed himself from the first, with an air of chilling distance, which effected what he intended, that is, kept his captors from attempting to invade his troubled and retired contemplations.

He spent nearly the whole of every day in the apartment assigned to him, employing his infant companion in short lessons, and religious exercises; walking with him for air at a stated hour upon the natural rampart of the fortress, and returning to minister to the delicate boy's still lingering ailments, by the concoction of remedies and diet drinks.

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Repulsed more than once, as much by his own just taste, as by the freezing civility of the Franciscan, Aremberg soon bounded himself to the care of seeing that every thing the fortress offered of accommodation, was presented for the young Julian's acceptance. He shrunk from the repelling expression which mixed with the sadness of Father Joachim's looks, and seemed to reject condolence; yet he could not help admiring the fidelity both to his heavenly and earthly master, which this conduct implied, nor be untouched by the affectionate relaxation of his manner, when talking to his little charge.

When Rupert's fever was sufficiently abated, his medical attendant permitted him to hear the result of his application to the Commander-in-chief.

It was a decided denial, grounded upon the following circumstances, which, he lamented, made the detention of the

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child, a duty upon the different powers of the union.

The situation of Brunn, standing on the conflux of two important rivers, and defended not only by its own strong works, but by the castle of Spilsberg, commanding the approaches to the town, had made it an object of the first consequence to Torstenson; whose plan being to carry the war into Austria itself, could not do so, without madness, if he should leave this place behind him in possession of the enemy.

To have wasted time in a protracted siege would render his whole scheme abortive; and to prevent this, by having a disposable force sufficient to cut off supplies, and so facilitate the surrender of the town, or assure him of carrying it, if obliged to take it by assault, he had stipulated for a strong detachment from the French army, now completely masters of Alsace and the Brisgau.

This detachment began its march under

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Turenne, (then wearing his first laurels,) but being intercepted and beaten by the Imperialists under Merci and Rhinegravestein, were obliged to fall back broken, and half-destroyed, upon their main body.

This signal victory, said to be the fruits of the Bavarian general's able dispositions, and extraordinary valour on that day, was a complete blight to Marshal Torstenson's plan of advancing to the very gates of Vienna: but he had too much greatness of mind to let it interfere, either with his conduct to a helpless child, or his sympathy with Rupert's generous feelings. Julian's detention was owing to another cause, over which the Marshal had no control.

Immediately after the late defeat of the French upon the Neckar, when the customary exchange of prisoners was taking place, fresh application had been made to the Count of Rhinegravestein

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for the release of a brave Prince of Hesse, once the sinew of the Protestant cause, whom the Elector of Bavaria had long retained in vexatious confinement for the purpose of wearying him and his family into the renunciation of their right to some possessions claimed by Bavaria.

The answer to the present application was as peremptory a refusal as heretofore; and the allies were therefore determined to retaliate, and retain in their hands the very first prisoner whose detention might be likely to extort the release of the Prince in question.

It was agreed, on the present occasion, that none was more likely to cause this desired event, than the infant heir of Rhinegravestein; a man whose paternal fondness was known to be excessive, and who, if denied the means of procuring his son's enlargement, might retire in disgust from the service; and through his own, and his more adroit Countess's

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machinations, draw away with him, some of the best supports of the Catholic alliance.

It was from these circumstances, that Marshal Torstenson silenced the petition of Rupert, while commending the private feeling on which that was grounded; assuring him that the utmost he could do, (and that was stretching his powers to the utmost,) would be to allow him the selection of his brother's guardians and place of residence. As for the Franciscan, he said, he might release him, with or without ransom, as Rupert should please himself.

Never was a generous purpose more cruelly withered! Rupert saw at once what his military oath required, and that remonstrance would be criminal: he could only make the facts speak for his sincerity, to Father Joachim, by showing him the Field-marshal's letter, and by offering him freedom, to use in going directly to Rhinegravestein, quieting his

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fears for his boy's kind treatment, and showing him that the child's release depended now upon that of the Prince of Hesse.

Inconceivably reduced by his fever, suffering seriously in his general health from the internal injury of his side, and totally disabled in the sword-arm, Rupert at first felt, and heard, with bitterness of spirit, that he must renounce all hope of continuing with the acting army.

It was advisable that he should be placed in some permanent situation, where he might have the benefit of constant medical advice, and the attendance of watchful friends; and where could he find those but at Mariendorpt? Yet to take so long a journey, only to be burthensome at last to the excellent Muhldenau, and perhaps a grief to his mother, was scarcely to be thought of. At that moment, how did poor Rupert sigh for independence!

But Aremberg smoothed his diffi-

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culties, by saying, that as he had always reserved to himself the privilege of withdrawing his voluntary services from Count Cratzenstein, whenever he should feel an inclination to return into his own country, he should do so now, and carry his friend back with him to the house that was ever his real home, that of Mr. Vanderhoven.

"But Julian! my poor, little Julian!" said Rupert, languid with a spent spirit and sinking frame, "where am I to find kind hands to leave him in?"

"Take him with us," answered Aremberg.

"What, to Mariendorpt! Aremberg, you forget my mother."

"It is you who forget what your mother is," rejoined his friend: "she is too like yourself Rupert, not to feel — I will not say a noble revenge, but a Christian satisfaction, in doing good to them that have pierced her. The little fellow shall be my uncle's visitor; and

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we'll find a place for his governor, too, when he comes either to fetch him, or retake his station."

"But if Madame Krazau and Adolpha Falkenberg should have happened to accept your uncle's invitation, and be at Mariendorpt now?"

"O never anticipate evil!" said Aremberg, with a mixed smile: "Mariendorpt and its vicinity has many hospitable roofs as well as kind hearts in it; and I'll answer for it, every one of them would open their doors to any living thing in which your mother took an interest."

Rupert saw nothing to object to this arrangement: indeed he sought for no objection; and he had no better to propose. He allowed Aremberg, therefore, who was affectionately anxious to quiet his mind upon every agitating matter, to go on, settling all the particulars connected with their removal.

The second dispatch from St. Vla-

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dimir's having officially informed the Commander-in-chief of his aid-de-camp's incapacity of serving again, for some months to come, that indulgent friend had given him immediate leave of absence; and in a private billet, offered him a secure and inexpensive conveyance to any part of Germany he chose; assuring him of finding, on his return, his post on the Marshal's staff only filled up *pro tempore*, and that in his particular esteem, still unoccupied by any other.

"This fever has made me a fool!" said Rupert, colouring, because there were persons by, and dashing the tear off his cheek which the last gratifying paragraph in this billet had started; then breaking the seal of one from his uncle, he prepared himself for what he found, a letter equally kind upon the subject of his unlucky contusion, but bitter as gall on that of the little Julian.

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Colonel Roselheim, of course, was one who reprobated Rupert's desire of restoring Julian, as preposterous, and, strange to say, as mean-spirited; and all his angry feelings against his brother, being exasperated by the latter's splendid defeat of Turenne, he expressed himself with unusual violence. Had he at that moment been aware of Rupert's present plan for the little prisoner, he would perhaps have flown from his duty in Moravia, to snatch the boy from him.

The close of his long epistle, which was principally filled with accounts of the enemy's operations, was calculated to rouse every latent energy, in the half-wearied reader.

Colonel Roselheim generally wandered through mazes of extraneous matter, before he proceeded to the actual business of his letter; and this, in the present case, was a message from the Field-marshal, who had closed his epistle before the circumstance occurred which Colonel

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Roselheim then offered to communicate.

This was, that a confidential person had just come from the Bavarian camp, with an offer from Rhinegravestein, (then informed of the fate of his son, without knowing by whom he was taken prisoner,) of a ransom which might well cause mortification to the captor, were he obliged to decline it.

This, however, Rupert was not called upon to do; or rather, Marshal Torstenson, (as was not unusual in such cases,) took upon him to promise him, in the name of such of the allies as insisted upon the detention of Rhinegravestein's heir, an indemnity for the ransom they refused; either in the form of an equal sum of money, or in that of instant promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

If there were a stronger beating in Rupert's breast, at this unexpected proposal, it was purely from the joy of an unadulterated nature enraptured with the

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opportunity of making a great sacrifice to high feeling. "No! not one ducat!" he exclaimed aloud, forgetting those about him. "Not one step either! I'll scale thy ladder, Glory, by nobler ways! if he is to be kept, no one shall *buy* that power of me."

"Are you talking in your sleep, Rupert!" asked Aremberg, quietly awakening him from this dream of absence. Rupert recovered himself in confusion.

When they were left alone, and the nature of Colonel Roselheim's message made known to Aremberg, he felt with his friend, that although upon all ordinary occasions there was nothing shameful in following the established custom of accepting an equivalent for the ransom of a prisoner whom a general or prince found it policy to detain, yet that in the present case it would be sullying the purity of Rupert's conduct: in short, it would be to neutralise its generosity entirely.

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The answer, of course, was such as right feeling dictated; coupled with a request for permission to carry Julian into Holland, where Rupert would pledge his life for his continuance in liberal, but actual captivity.

This request was granted: and Rupert directly sent for the child's governor, that he might fairly lay before him the different letters he had received from the Commander-in-chief upon the subject; anxious in this case to certify his sincerity, as, by doing so, it might moderate the Franciscan's fear of leaving Julian under his guardianship.

Father Joachim, who had hitherto been kept in ignorance of what was passing, to spare him the perturbations of alternate hope and disappointment, now heard, for the first time, the determination of the allies, and beheld the actual proofs of Rupert's generous intentions. Astonishment at the latter circumstance seemed to suspend his grief at the former one.

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He eyed Rupert from head to foot, as if expecting to find his exterior, different from other men's. Then, with an air of dignified humility, bent his head, and thanked him for his exertions in their behalf.

"And to what prison are we sentenced, Sir?" he added, aware that the whole matter was one of retaliation, and that the Prince of Hesse was closely confined.

Rupert hastened to inform him, that he had obtained the indulgence of greater freedom for the little Julian: stated what his intentions were towards him, and demanded only of the Franciscan, on behalf of the boy's father, his word of honour that no attempt at carrying off the child should be made; since he had engaged his own life for his appearance, whenever called for by the allies.

At this communication the Franciscan turned pale, and a convulsive movement lightened over his face: he grasped the

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hand of Julian tighter than he had just done before, and looked again intently upon Rupert; but now, the look was scrutinizing and doubtful.

What wild suspicions, and fearful imaginings of refined revenge, then passed through his mind, were vain to particularise: they were such as might be supposed to haunt the fancy of a man, unhappily familiar with the history of private crimes to which many confessionals had borne groaning witness, and strongly prejudiced against all the professors of a different religion from his own.

Rupert's offer of liberty to himself, for the purpose of his seeking the Count of Rhinegravestein, and urging him to supplicate the only means for his boy's enlargement, was another suspicious circumstance. If any harm were intended the child, how much easier would it be accomplished when his watchful governor was absent! There were instances on

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record of slow poisons being administered to the victims of a deep revenge, which wasted them slowly away, yet left no certain grounds of accusation against their murderers. There was such a thing, also, as being smothered during sleep.

So long, then, as Julian slept at night on the loyal breast of his governor, and through the day ate but of the food which the other had previously prepared under the plea of a peculiar diet, so long Father Joachim thought he might escape treachery, if treachery were intended.

Yet was it important that the Count of Rhinegravestein should know into whose immediate hands his heir had fallen; and upon what terms alone he might hope his release: it was incumbent, therefore, on the Franciscan to see and converse with the Count, no other mode of communication being possible.

But to leave his nursling lamb, thus under the fearful paw of the lion, though laid in apparent fondness, was impossible

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to him, who had carried that tender lamb for two whole years in his bosom. Father Joachim determined rather to delay one duty, than risk failing in a greater; and closing his sunken and haggard eyes, to conceal the tears distress had filled them with, he announced his resolution of accompanying his little charge into Holland; habituating him to strange faces and strange scenes, he said, and then if the child's release were not negociated by that time, he would leave him there, and proceed on his mission to the Count.

"Will you go with me to Holland, Julian?" asked Rupert, after making some kind answer to Father Joachim: "You will see such pretty things there! it is all one great toy; but too big, I fear, for you to play with."

"I'll play with you, and love you, and kiss you all day!" replied the artless child, nestling his head down upon Rupert's couch; "I do like you so!" and

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his pretty lips, pressed upon his brother's forehead as he spoke, gave evidence by their sounding kiss, of the affection he boasted.

The tender beaming of Rupert's smile at that moment, as he fondly contemplated him, dispersed for an instant the Franciscan's dark fancies, and he said with more graciousness than usual, "The heart that would not love that child, and the hand that could harm him, must be accurst indeed!"

"I fear I shall love him only too well!" Rupert answered with a short sigh; "for I ought to hope that he may not be long left with me! and then!"

A cloud spread over his countenance at this, of which Father Joachim had neither the key nor the tact to comprehend the reason.

"We begin our long journey tomorrow, Father," resumed Rupert, after brief silence. "My friend Aremberg will

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consult you upon the details of it, and see that every thing is provided for yourself and Julian that is needful for your comforts. I am wearied just now, and must unwillingly take some quiet of spirit again."

The Franciscan rose on this intimation, and gravely withdrawing the little boy's hand from that of his brother, murmured a few good wishes for the health of the latter, and departed.

Rupert then remembered that he had not opened a letter from his uncle, which came in the latest packet from the camp before Brunn, and opening it now, he read as follows:

"Rupert! I have no time to tell you what a particularly great fool, I think, you are turned. I hear you refuse taking an equivalent for that boy of your father's, and that you still insist upon wishing to have him given up, and

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that you are actually going to take him to Mariendorpt.

"See what your poor mother will think of all this! I thought you had more affection for her, and more decency, (for that boy is nothing more or less in my opinion than — I won't say what); but I was mistaken in you, or else your head's turned, and your heart along with it. And no wonder, after the fuss that has been made about your taking that Castle with only the loss of ten men; as if soldiers an't prepared to die every day by hundreds, and as if there were no more men to be born! The only sensible thing you have done since you left my wing, was refusing the idiots that would have metamorphosed you into a colonel: but your refusing the two thousand gold crowns, was the act of a madman; when you know how much your mother wants money, and you want money to go

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courting old Madame Krazau with; and that every ducat Rhinegravestein has, your mother has a lawful right to have half of.

"By the way, I must remark, that the only thing I ever blamed the great Gustavus for, was his notorious practice of haling every youngster over the heads of old-hacked and hewed officers, aye even from the ranks; and making a captain or a colonel of him upon the instant; and he has left this pernicious custom, by way of legacy, to his heirs of the army. Torstenson knows how to use it, I see: but he may be excused, because he was whipped up himself, all at once, from a beggarly lieutenancy, to a regiment, and of horse too, like a juggler's ball conjured from one cup to another. But I prophesy that we shall all go to the dogs, unless the system is clean altered, and men get promoted in due order according to their years of service.

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"We are just beginning our march; so no more from your very much displeased uncle,

"MELCHIOR ROSELHEIM."

"N.B. That plaguy hurt on your side vexes me, for I know a man that died after such an one: take care of it, and don't drink such a confounded quantity of cold water as you generally do; and don't forget to send me that scarf, by some safe hand."

Rupert's natural mirthfulness revived, at this *nota bene:* he laughed very heartily over the simplicity with which his good uncle told his own apprehensions, to the very person he feared for; from whom in general it is usual to disguise them, lest they should injure or alarm; while he felt the kindness, couched under this roughness, go warmly to his heart.

"His anger will pass away!" he

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thought to himself as he laid down on his mattress, "and God grant that he and I may live to meet again in amity!"

Aremberg's anxious and foreseeing affection, had collected together as many comforts for his suffering friend against the commencement of his wearisome journey, as it was possible to combine with easiness of conveyance; but nothing he could provide, appeared half so valuable to him, as the offer made by Father Joachim on the very morning of their departure.

Understanding that Rupert was to undertake this journey without other medical assistance than some rules and drugs given to Aremberg for him by the regimental surgeon, Father Joachim declared his own knowledge of surgery and medicine, and proffered them, with the first great show of humane interest which he had yet testified.

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Rupert's grateful acceptance of the kindness at the moment, and his cheerful acquiescence afterwards in the Franciscan's very different treatment of his inward and outward hurts from that of the Swedish surgeon, made the monk feel sensibly: he contrasted his own sinister suspicions, with this loyal mind that feared no treachery against itself because it meditated none against another, and he groaned with truly benevolent sorrow that such a mind wandered in religious darkness.

This impression, and the closer intimacy which daily attendance upon his patient, during a travel of some weeks, produced between them, gradually extracted doubt and dislike from the Franciscan's breast; and he ceased to evince the uneasiness he was wont to do, whenever Julian's growing fondness for his brother, was peculiarly evident.

Among nature's many gifts to Rupert, was the power of attaching children: it

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was one, he prized; for he loved those pure and happy creatures, (he had Divine example for such tenderness,) and he was pleased to cherish and increase that affection for Julian, which served to console him, in some degree, for the little innocent's existence.

Even in his present feeble and disabled state, he contrived to make card toys for him with his left hand; to draw him horses and soldiers; and if he could not play with him, tell him tales of good fairies, and kind giants.

That patient and sweet humour of his, which nothing wearied, let Julian disturb him as often as he might, secured him more of the child's heart than all his active exertions to amuse him; and the same sweetness made as deep an impression upon Father Joachim.

Aremberg, though always serious, and less skilled in childish inclinations, came in for his share of growing kindness. His complete indifference to his own accom-

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modations wherever they rested, and extreme attention to that of his companions, combined with the most benevolent care not to infringe, even for them, upon the travelling rights of others, could not fail, when united to such superior endowments of mind, of forcing the Franciscan's esteem; and Julian's heart was won for him, by his good-natured repetition, whenever it was asked for, of the only trick the grave scholar knew, likely to entertain a child.

Long journeys have often been known to destroy long friendships, and to perpetuate brief ones: in no concern of ordinary life are our *liveable* qualities so put to the test. If there be any selfishness in us, any sordidness, any infirmity of humour whatever, travelling brings it to light; and we find with pain, or disgust, that the most brilliant endowments, however they may have dazzled us in easy society; and the loftiest virtues, however they may have stayed us in great emer-

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gencies, are inadequate, of themselves, to the every-day enjoyment of life. The amiable must be coupled with the admirable; the minor virtues, with the greater, in the companions of our way; else we have light, brilliant light indeed, but no vivifying warmth.

The four persons now slowly journeying across Germany, (secured from danger by passing through those parts only where troops of the Union commanded,) these four persons were a rare instance of regard begun, and ripened, under the trying circumstances of travelling together, without previous knowledge of each other's habits. Mutual kindnesses and sacrifices endeared them mutually: the delicate constitution of the little Julian, and the suffering state of Rupert, gave a tincture of gentleness to the manner of Father Joachim, which its austere dignity wanted; and in proportion as his harsh prejudice relaxed, his countenance

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softened, and he suffered even Aremberg to catch glimpses of a heart eager to do good, naturally inclined to affection and confidence, but armed perpetually against itself by lamentably erroneous notions of denying even our kindliest affections.

The Franciscan was well read, and deeply versed in many of the sciences; so that Rupert at first wondered at finding his young charge scarcely beginning the rudiments of education. But a just reason for this, was given by Father Joachim himself: — the ill health of the little boy, and his mother's great anxiety not to have his personal appearance injured by premature habits of study and constraint.

Julian, at four years and a half old, was as much a child in acquirements as one of half that age; but he was naturally observing and quick, with acute sensibility, and a docility that made him like wax in the hands of those about him. Thus he was always interesting, or amus-

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ing; and promised to become eventually intelligent.

Delicately and beautifully limbed, with a soft and speaking physiognomy; and long, dark eyes almost blinded by the remarkable length and thickness of their lashes, he only wanted health to colour the lily whiteness of his skin, and to give elasticity to his movements, to become a very beautiful child.

Rupert sometimes looked at him with pain, sometimes with pleasure; tracing as he did in his fine line of features, and in those matchless eyes, the miniature of his father's.

Julian often prattled to him of that father, with childish loquacity, or tearful anxiety to know when he was to see him again: but Rupert observed, that he rarely remembered his mother; the inference was obvious: and from the moment of making this observation, he ceased to feel any concern for her supposed feelings.

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But for his own mother, how did Rupert's heart swell and throb, as they drew near the confines of Holland! He could not have any doubt of her generous conduct towards this child of her enemy; but he began to fear, (when it was too late,) that he was expecting too much of her heroic goodness, to believe she could behold Julian, and support the rending feelings connected with his appearance. Her health, perhaps her life, might pay the penalty of his precipitate step.

But Aremberg was always at hand to quiet this fear; and convince him, that he had no choice left, unprovided as he was, with any other asylum for the boy, except surrendering him at once to the discretion of the allies, and thrown as the poor innocent seemed to be, expressly upon his best virtues, by the hand of Providence itself.

Aremberg also called Rupert's grateful attention to the great benefit which

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his own health and that of Julian had derived from their journey: and giving much of the praise due for this, to the judicious treatment of the Franciscan, thus added another link to the chain of mutual kind offices, which already began to bind them all.

In this state of amity, the travellers reached the Dutch frontier; they crossed it; and after that, Mariendorpt seemed but the journey of an hour.

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CHAP. IX.

The spring which Rupert had left behind him five weeks before, in a more southern country, seemed kindly to follow, or rather to fly before, and greet him again in Holland. The fresh month of April, with its profusion of sweets and blossoms, its busy birds, and chequered sky, was in its meridian power: the canals and rivers, which he had last seen locked up in ice, were now sparkling and flowing in the vivacity of freedom; teams, and husbandmen were at work; milk-maids singing, cattle lowing, lambs bleating: the very wind, as it rustled amongst the new-leaved trees, seemed quickened with a more active spirit. — What a contrast, all this life and movement, with the inertness of winter!

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If the whole country appeared to him thus invested with new charms, how delightful looked Mariendorpt itself! Its long mall of lofty limes, and the sweet-briar hedges of many a garden, were clad in that first green so refreshing to the eye of the invalid; an eye which is soothed and gladdened by every symbol of renovation! — the breath of spring is indeed the promise of health to them who have long languished on the bed of pain, and as they inhale it, they seem drinking at the very sources of life and joy.

Rupert was already much benefited by his journey, yet not sufficiently so to present himself at once to his mother unprepared. It was agreed that all the travellers should proceed to Mr. Vanderhoven's, whose house at the extremity of the village, was divided from the parsonage by the canal; and that when they were rested a little, Aremberg should go first, and prepare Madame Roselheim for the sight of her disabled son, leaving

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the yet more agitating communication respecting Julian, to another moment, when Rupert himself might discover the one most fitting.

Let heathens talk of accident sporting with human resolves, Christians know how to acknowledge in every reversal of their best purposes, an abler hand and a wiser intelligence; one that overturns our plans, only to substantiate better and wiser ones in their stead.

The travelling party disembarked at Mr. Vanderhoven's door, and anxious to escape observation for fear of premature information being carried to the parsonage, just hastily asked if Mr. Vanderhoven were within, and at once hurried into a dining-room, where they saw seated round a table covered with dried fruits and wine, the master of the house, the minister of Mariendorpt, Meeta, and Madame Roselheim.

The thrilling exclamation of his mother, as with one glance, she saw her

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son's situation, and sprang to his embrace, rang in the ear of Rupert, even while he supported her afterwards on his breast, and tried to keep her fleeting senses from quite leaving her: repeatedly assuring her that his arm in the sling was all his serious ailments, that he was come to stay with her awhile, — playing sick, that he might play truant.

"That is all, my mother — all indeed — don't you see I am your own happy Rupert still!" — "Still, still, the best, the dearest of sons!" exclaimed his mother, fondly, yet mournfully gazing at him, "but, oh my Rupert, what a pale face is this!"

Rupert, whose present extreme paleness had another cause than mere indisposition, clasped her closely againt his breast, and seized that moment to signify by a look to Aremberg, that Julian must be taken out of the room. Surprise had hitherto stupefied every one; and now the haste with which Aremberg was about to obey,

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and the recollected civility of Mr. Vanderhoven, produced the mischief dreaded. Julian broke from Aremberg's hand, and running up to his brother, pulled him earnestly by the cloak, asking in a plaintive voice, "What is the matter, dear Rupert? — Oh, what are you crying so for? — Rupert, I say! it is your little Julian!"

In an agony of consternation Rupert loosed his hold of his mother, and catching the child up with the only arm he could now use, would have rushed out with him in a disorder of feelings that was painted on his face, had not Madame Roselheim, with whom the name of Julian could have but one association, caught her son as he was passing, and grasping the arm with which he held the child, fixed an amazed look upon both. Rupert at once foresaw the consequence; and taking his resolution, said with an air of decision, "Leave us to ourselves

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my friends! — you must all leave us — I beg — I pray."

The agitation of his manner admitted not of appeal, and every one, even the Franciscan, rarely as he lost sight of his charge, after an instant's hesitation, vanished from the apartment.

"Mother! dearest mother!" Rupert then said, scarcely able to support his own extreme emotion, "shall I send this boy away? — for I have something to say to you concerning him, that will agitate — overcome you, possibly. You shall see him again, if you wish it; but just now, perhaps" —

"What then, is this child? Who does he belong to?" asked Madame Roselheim, turning paler than death, trembling in every limb, and her eyes wandering wildly over the little creature's figure, "Rupert, you do not answer me — you change colour! — he is like — Oh Heaven! his father then — killed — killed!"

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Madame Roselheim no sooner uttered these words, which she did with a sudden and piercing cry, than she fell entirely deprived of life upon the ground. Her son flew to the door and called loudly upon Meeta: the distressed tone of his voice, the mere call itself, summoned the latter, at once, from the opposite apartment, into which she had hurried with the rest of the company: she now entered that where her friend was, with grief and apprehension in her looks.

"Take away this dear child!" Rupert said hastily, "give him to his governor; but come back to me: my mother has fainted."

Meeta was gone with the terrified boy, like a flash of light, and like a flash of light returned. She found Rupert had succeeded in raising his mother up to a seat near a window, but that he could not open the latter without assistance, and that Madame Roselheim was still insensible.

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Meeta now opened the window, bathed her friend's forehead with water, chafed her hands, tried to compose the affectionate alarm of her companion, and kindly urged him to take some water himself; for he was already as pale as his mother, and faint with the apprehension of what was yet to come.

"Had you not better take some wine also?" asked Meeta, pointing to the table, "You look quite sick."

"I am but sick at heart just now! was his suffocated reply, "wine cannot —" a sigh broke off his words; and such a sigh, as went to Meeta's heart. Again he turned to his mother, and kneeling down, anxiously watched the effect of the different remedies applied.

How often did this devoted son, rivet his lips upon the clay-cold hand he was vainly trying to rub into warmth, only to conceal the tears gushing from his eyes! Meeta looked at him as he knelt by his mother's side; remembered every

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thing she had ever heard of him;—looked at him again and again: his image was stamped on her heart from that instant; it was stamped in tears; and it was ineffaceable.

Rupert, meanwhile, saw nothing but his mother; was sensible to nothing else: and when the first dawn of life glimmered under the lids of her eyes, when the first faint gasp of revived respiration trembled from her lips, he uttered a fervent exclamation of gratitude.

It was now Meeta's turn to lose self-possession: the moment of extreme danger or difficulty always nerved her, but that when hope and fear begin to agitate, affected her differently. Rupert observed this, by the shaking of her hands, and the fainter sound of her voice, and as he saw the blood slowly tinting his mother's cheek, he said, in a faltering accent, "I think I can spare you now, kind Meeta, I will call you again, should it be necessary.

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Just now, perhaps, it will be better for my mother to find only her son about her. I don't attempt to thank you, — for I am sure you love my mother."

By a natural movement he turned towards her while saying this, and showed his face wet with tears. Meeta's full heart and suffusing eyes answered him: yet was that look of lovely sensibility lost upon the all-occupied Rupert.

Soon after Meeta was gone, Madame Roselheim recovered her senses: with the consciousness of surrounding objects, came the recollection of absent ones, and grasping her son's hand with a wildness unusual to her, she asked him whether she were delirious, and had seen only fancied images?

Rupert evaded a direct answer to this question; endeavouring to draw off her thoughts to his own situation, as the less agitating subject. Madame Roselheim's enquiries about his hurt, were hasty and incoherent, and stopping all

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at once in the midst of them, she said convulsively, "Rupert! I see you in life; that is enough. I dare not afflict myself that you are wounded. — But you look so pale, so care-worn, so unlike yourself, that I am sure you have some dreadful story to tell. Beware how you tell me that your father has fallen — that his wound, perhaps — no, my son, I could not outlive such a moment as that!"

The cold grasp in which Madame Roselheim locked her son's hand, the damp dew that stood upon her brow as she spoke, and the distracted expression of her eyes, bore testimony to the sad truth of what she said. Rupert hastened to assure her that his Father was alive, that they had never met in the field, and that it was only a common casualty of war which had thrown the infant heir of Rhinegravestein into his hands.

"It *is* his child then!" interrupted Madame Roselheim, letting her son's hand fall, and shuddering into herself.

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Her eyes closed again as she sat, the blood retreated from her face, her outward faculties became once more suspended; but it was only her outward ones: and after a long — to Rupert, a torturing silence — she burst into a passion of tears.

So soft, so subdued were all this admirable mother's usual testimonies of joy or grief, that such ungoverned agony as the present, was the more distressing to witness: yet there are occasions upon which it is salutary to allow nature free way; and Rupert, therefore, remained quite silent; his own tears suspended, while with a changing cheek and anxious looks, he watched the alternate bursts and pause of his mother's feelings.

The stifling sobs of that dear mother were at length succeeded by suffocating sighs, mixed with broken expressions of shame at her weakness, and concern for the uneasiness she was occasioning to her son. By degrees, her voice became

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steadier, her tears fell by drops, and the tremor of her body ceased. Two or three long-drawn sighs followed this; then an answering pressure of her son's tenderly-clasping hand; and finally, an attempt at a smile. But this feeble light was instantly quenched in fresh tears.

Rupert did not even then urge his mother to new struggles: he soothingly bent his face to her hand, and sealed his lips there, with an expression which changed her tears from bitterness to balm. She bent her showering eyes upon him, for a few moments, then raised those eyes to Heaven, and drawing one or two deep breaths, said in her own touching voice again, and with her own soft countenance,

"It is all right, my son; Providence shows us what is our duty. I must, indeed, guard well the avenues of this weak heart, lest, in cherishing the child, I cherish also too fond a recollection" She stopt, then resumed in a lower tone;

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"We must never confound vice and virtue, my son; we must not love those that have sinned against us and a sacred duty, as we love such as my Rupert."

Madame Roselheim's outstretched arms and suffusing eyes, invited her son to the embrace and blessing, of which she declared him worthy: and as Rupert threw himself on her neck, and caught the whispered ejaculation of pity she bestowed upon Julian's supposed sorrowing mother, he felt more powerfully than ever, the loveliness of that gentle heart, which feared not an irritating remembrance of its wrongs, but rather the encroachments of a tenderness, which, if unlimited, were criminal.

"I am myself now," resumed she, drawing him into a seat beside her; "and now you must tell me the particulars of this amazing dispensation of Providence."

Rupert detailed them distinctly and briefly; described the respectable cha-

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racter of the Franciscan, the endearing one of Julian; the proposals that had been made and rejected with regard to the boy; and his own intention of faithfully watching over his safety, till the expected period of his exchange.

Madame Roselheim's agitated heart accompanied him through the recital. Many were the sighs she restrained, and the tears she withheld; but many also, were the throbs of fond admiration and delight which were excited in her maternal breast, by the conduct of a son, at once the boast and blessing of her existence.

In all his purposed arrangements she thoroughly acquiesced; and certain that the parsonage could afford a room to him, and that the kindly house-keeper of Mr. Vanderhoven was the sort of person with whom Julian might safely be placed, she scarcely regretted that he and his governor should find their shelter there.

Never had Madame Roselheim, for so

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long a time, forgotten every thing in her own distraction of feelings: she now recalled, with amiable self-blame, what was due to Mr. Vanderhoven and his uninvited guests; and, bidding Rupert express this shame to them, recommended him to rejoin their absent friends.

"Send Meeta to me," she said; "when she comes, I will return home, and compose myself. So now go away, my son, and forget your mother's folly."

"Your folly, my mother!" repeated Rupert, in a tone of deep feeling, while one of his expressive smiles replied to her pensive one; how dear was that smile to the eyes and to the memory of Madame Roselheim!

When Meeta appeared, she came sufficiently informed of Julian's connection with her maternal friend's history, not to require any explanation of it from herself. Aremberg had hastily whispered

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the affecting circumstances, as they stood together in the apartment, where Mr. Vanderhoven, though somewhat curious to know who his nephew's companions were, but ever observant of hospitality, was pressing refreshment upon the monk, and sweet-meats upon his childish companion. All-absorbed in painful concern for the present situation of her friend, Meeta tenderly offered her arm for their walk home; venturing only a few words of cheering on the subject of Rupert's hurts, which she repeated, she said, after Mr. Aremberg, who, it was well known, never deceived, even for the kindest purpose.

Madame Roselheim thanked her with her customary sweetness, adding, "My Rupert has himself satisfied me on that point. I must resign myself to see him suffer at times, and to be long delicate: but he assures me on the faith of his surgeons, that care and time *will* restore him;

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and, as but for this accident, I should not have had him with me, I must find consolation, nay gratitude for that."

She smiled through her tears; and Meeta, who justly guessed what feelings must then be aching in her heart, pressed her hand with a sentiment akin to devotion. Neither of them were inclined for much discourse: they proceeded, therefore, nearly in silence across the bridge to the parsonage. Madame Roselheim then suddenly recollected Esther, and the probable indignation with which that ungovernable, yet faithful creature, would hear of Julian's arrival amongst them. She prayed Meeta to accept the unpleasant office of telling the circumstance to Esther, and of softening that violence with which the latter would certainly receive the communication, and against which her exhausted mistress confessed herself unable to contend at this moment.

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Meeta understood the commission, and leaving her friend to retire to solitude and her own thoughts, went directly in search of Esther. The latter was soon found, and the disclosure made. Esther listened in clouding silence, never once interrupting the narrative by word or gesture; but every moment her countenance grew blacker and blacker, till Meeta came to that part in which she declared Julian fixed under Rupert's care in Holland, till exchanged for the Prince of Hesse: then Esther's wrath was no longer to be restrained; she threw herself violently on the ground on both knees, and, with clasped hands and inflamed eyes, took heaven to witness that *she* would never wait on, or assist in any way, this child of iniquity. "Esther! Esther! restrain this violence!" cried Meeta, too much shocked for the soothing indulgence Madame Roselheim would have displayed; "if you love your lady, imitate her:

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if you respect my father, remember what different doctrine he teaches as the rule of Christian conduct." "Let the wicked and their race keep their distance from us," rejoined Esther, knitting her dark brows, "and I'll not call down the judgment of God on them; but to fondle one of this unlawful marriage — to attend upon him — to be commanded here and there by a thing accurst — for so their child must be — it makes my blood boil. Look, Miss Meeta, I tell you I never *will* have any concern in this child."

"Your Lady does not wish it, does not ask it," returned Meeta, soothingly. "The little prisoner and his Governor are to live at Mr. Vanderhoven's. Who knows whether the pure tenets of our religion, enforced by the arguments, or at least recommended by my dear father's example and that of Mr. Aremberg, may not effect the conversion of the Catholic priest? That miracle, of course, would

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influence the future opinions of his little pupil. Would not such a circumstance afford you pleasure, Esther?"

Esther was sullenly silent. Meeta repeated her question with more youthful zeal than just discretion, adding some benevolent remark upon the transport of saving a soul. Esther's answer froze her blood; and she had to recollect, that the latter, when roused to wrath, uttered horrors disowned by her soberer senses.

"Nothing worth saving can ever spring from that infamous pair!" she said, thinking of Rhinegravestein and his wife, "The she-wolf does not litter lambs, nor the vulture bring forth doves. What can the child of this base lord turn out, but false and cruel, as *he* is?"

"Yet Rupert is his son," said Meeta, softly; "and is not he all excellent?"

Esther mechanically lowered her voice and her eyes, as she replied, "I thought him so till now; but now — to bring this

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boy into the very place with his injured mother; to expect — Ah! I see the devil's dross in his veins after all."

Meeta looked on her with amazement, and with a throb of indignation that left her heart beating long afterwards; then, rising, she said gravely, "You are not yourself, Esther; take time to think over what is required of you as a Christian, and don't present yourself to your lady till you are sure of respecting her better sentiments. Nothing is exacted of you, I repeat again: so, if you keep your own counsel, no one need know, that you are worse than indifferent about this innocent offender. Let me advise you, however, to keep away from your lady for to-night: I will make an excuse for your absence, and supply your place till you are yourself again."

Thus speaking, Meeta, who sometimes found that a tone of authority was necessary with Esther, closed the door, and

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left her; glad to hear, however, that the latter, struck by the sentence of banishment from her lady, was beginning to weep bitterly.

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CHAP. X.

The family at the Parsonage continued disjointed through the remainder of the day. After being rejoined by her son, Madame Roselheim remained in her own room till prayer-time. Muhldenau and Meeta meanwhile sat together, talking over the extraordinary situation in which these two valued objects were placed; and speculating upon the event of it, and the possible purposes of Divine Providence. The joy of seeing her son again, Madame Roselheim felt, and acknowledged to be great. To be with his mother once more, had been the object of Rupert's fondest longings. The return of their friend's deserving son, both Muhldenau and his daughter had con-

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templated as a day of gladness: yet each of these fancied happy individuals, had as yet a troubled feeling at the bottom of their hearts, which prevented them from testifying all that animated delight, which might be supposed the result of their reunion.

The first hours even of unalloyed joy are indeed too dream-like to be compared in value with the sure succession and regular return of those numberless sweet emotions, which constitute the happiness of our more settled possessions. Meeta felt as if she were just beginning to estimate Rupert as he merited, and that, therefore, something would occur to snatch him away; while her father feared that the unavoidable detention of Julian would involve Madame Roselheim and her son in a species of intercourse with Rhinegravestein, which, both for their dignity and their peace, it was to be wished might have been avoided. Yet, while he thought thus, he cheered himself

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with the hope that the native dignity of Madame Roselheim's character would keep a just poise with its softness, and direct her son, if his inexperienced and less subdued nature required it, how to return good for evil, yet command respect also.

It was with perfect satisfaction afterwards, that the good Muhldenau learnt from the latter, their joint purpose. This was, to have no other communication with the Count, than such as they must have had with a stranger in similar circumstances; and that as this could be effected through the agency of the Franciscan, all that was necessary for Rupert to do, was distinctly to assure him, that the liberation of Julian solely depended upon the will of the allied Princes, and that no private feeling of his captor's would tend to keep him from his parents! Thus no opening was offered for any correspondence whatever,

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between Rhinegravestein and his eldest son.

With regard to the little prisoner himself, Muhldenau felt his claims upon peculiar tenderness; and had no difficulty in promising Meeta free leave to take the part Madame Roselheim would otherwise believe herself bound to perform; that of superintending those minor wants, and bestowing those minute attentions, which only women can give to childhood.

The hour of family prayer assembled as usual all the inmates of the Parsonage. Rupert came in with his mother.

As Meeta saw the former kneel down by the side of her father, whose countenance was illumined with a mild joy, she recollected the painful account of his solitary and different worship when first at Mariendorpt, and thought what must be at that moment the joy of a mother's heart, and what her gratitude to Heaven,

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and to the instrumental zeal of Aremberg.

Meanwhile Esther had slowly walked into the room, after the other servants; not alertly foremost, as she was wont, but sullenly and unwillingly: she now suffered her eyes to rest upon Rupert, till by degrees the black cloud over them dispersed, falling in big drops down her cheeks. That which neither Meeta's reasonings nor reproofs could effect, was done in a few moments, by the touching sight of the mother and son joining for the first time in their lives in the same mode of worshipping and thanking their God. Even Esther's proud heart felt the injustice of its indignation, at the more perfect obedience of another; even *her* implacable hatred of Rhinegravestein's offspring seemed annihilated, as she looked at Rupert, and saw in his amiable countenance the true spirit of the religion he professed. Her repentant eye encountered that of Meeta's, as she re-

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covered from her long gaze; it fell under the kind glance, with a mixture of shame and mortification.

When the venerable Muhldenau closed the book of prayer, Rupert hastened to shake hands with Esther, and propitiate the anger for which he was prepared.—This was their first meeting since his arrival; and ever alive to the remembrance of his obligation to that ardour of feeling, and impetuosity of will, which now operated against him, he spoke to her with a soothing amiableness, which evidently completed the conquest begun by his mere presence. The moment her hand felt the kind pressure of her young master's, Esther's heart entirely melted; she lamented her instant of humour against him; she wondered why she could not bring herself to think exactly like him and her worshipped lady upon every subject: — forgetting that the tempers of the heart do not always follow the lights of the mind, and that we must

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labour to acquire the moral habits of another, ere we allow ourselves to think that we have adopted their sentiments.

It was delightful to Meeta, to look alternately from Esther's smoothing brow, to the smiling eyes of Rupert, and thence to that touching countenance on which were stamped all those sweet and sacred emotions, which the vivid sympathy of her young heart expected to find there! She saw Madame Roselheim go up to Esther, when Rupert released her hand, and though she heard not the words uttered by that subduing voice, she marked its happy effects in the immediate tears it brought from Esther's eyes.

After the departure of the servants, the rest of the little party remained for a while in conversation about their friends at Mr. Vanderhoven's; then exchanging farewells for the night, betook themselves to a solitary review of the day's events. Meeta, little understanding her own feelings, blessed Heaven that hence-

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forward she should identify the son with the mother in her heart, worshipping in each, the same excelling tenderness and goodness; while Rupert fell fast asleep, and by a common caprice of fancy, dreamt solely of the two persons whom he was not conscious of having once thought of together, — Meeta and Adolpha.

The next morning, Madame Roselheim, exhausted by a sleepless night, and the revival of long-smothered feelings, did not join the rest of the family at breakfast; so that while Meeta and Rupert were waiting the return of Muhldenau from his usual early visit to his distant parishioners, they had time for some conversation together.

Rupert's natural frankness, and desire to be perfectly understood by his mother's friends, led him into a sort of defence of himself, or rather into an explanation of his conduct in bringing Julian to Mariendorpt. He explained

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his reasons so unostentatiously, yet with such an unconscious display of tender sensibility, that Meeta was every moment on the point of exclaiming, "how like your mother!"

"I asked myself at first," continued he, speaking of Julian, "how I should have acted with regard to the child of a stranger in such circumstances? Certainly have considered, that by making me the captor of the little creature, Providence had imposed on me the obligation of providing for his security and comfort. Knowing not a single person in Germany, with whom I could trust him, and unwilling to give him up to the Higher Powers, who were not likely to be very nice about his situation, I had no choice but to bring him hither. I trust, none of my friends here will think, that because I feel a just indignation against the mother, I ought to extend it to this innocent child? It is in my nature to feel properly indignant at

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wrong; at least I hope so; and that I can show that I do:—I know too, that I would not accept even the boon of life, from one who had intentionally committed a vile act toward me or mine; but I never could inflict vengeance. I may say this to the daughter of a minister of peace, added Rupert, smiling, "she is bound not to think me deficient in spirit merely for that reason: but, I fear some of my camp associates, consider me scandalously wrong, and weakly tame." "Not when they look at these proofs of right-daring," Meeta said, bashfully glancing her dark eyes upon the useless arm and pallid cheek of her companion. Her remark brought back the colour to his cheek, but Rupert only smiled again, while he bent his head. Meeta then proceeded to assure him that there could be but one opinion upon the subject of the little Julian, and that all her kindest

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attentions would be cheerfully bestowed on him.

She delicately forebore further discourse concerning the child, at a time when his very name must cause peculiar agitation to the son of Madame Roselheim; and asking some judicious question about the late campaign, she imperceptibly engaged him first in a brief, yet animated account of its events, and afterwards in a more interesting description of the persons by whom it was conducted.

The young soldier's happy facility of drawing with the pencil, as well as with words, and his habit of employing both means at the same time, gave a remarkable charm and originality to his mode of conveying information; so that an hour fled away with him alone, without causing Meeta to feel the embarrassment of a situation so unusual with her. She was leaning timidly over him, as he was sketching a picturesque physiognomy on

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a sheet of paper already covered with able hints of places and persons, when her father entered. Muhldenau took an immediate interest in their conversation; smiled a little on the left-hand drawings, then rang for Jemima and the breakfast-board. During their temperate meal, while her father and Rupert conversed cheerfully upon the subject of the latter's first visit to Mariendorpt, discussing the few changes that had taken place in the village, Meeta was observing the son of Madame Roselheim, with a feeling of interest and respect, that she did not exactly understand why she should feel now, more strongly than formerly: little did she guess, that woman's exclusive attachment is always marked at its commencement, by a sentiment which seems to place the object of it at an awful distance. While she felt for the son of her maternal friend, purely as a brother, she thought of him and spoke of him with the easiness of domestic intimacy: now

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she found herself embarrassed whenever she addressed him; feeling it impossible to call him Rupert, and knowing not how to give him a more formal appellation.

With Rupert she was Meeta still; soon, "dear Meeta;" for, he had ever seen her in situations of far subordinate interest to those in which he beheld his mother; and as such, her blooming and beaming beauty only delighted his eye, and her engaging manner, his heart, as if they had been those of a sister. While Meeta's eye ran over his early-complete figure, she failed not to remark again its peculiar gracefulness, even under the present disadvantage of one arm confined and useless. The fine scale of his proportions, his just height, and the look of intellectual power which marked his brow, gave him, in spite of luxuriantly-growing hair, a smiling mouth, and often laughing eye, the appearance of being some years older than he really was.

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Meeta was reconciled to the great respect she felt for him, when she made this observation: it was natural to feel a little awe of a man seven or eight years her senior; but Rupert looking what he was, barely one-and-twenty, would have been too near her own age to authorise such a sentiment.

As he continued conversing with her father, she was struck with the extreme playfulness of his natural manner; displaying itself in an infinity of amusing touches, and unexpected turns of lively remark, upon subjects that appeared to ordinary spirits, incapable of affording ground for any thing of the sort. Yet did a vein of lovely sensibility run through all he said; blending — she knew not how it could do so, — most felicitously with this very sportiveness. In observing him, Meeta lost the opportunity of displaying herself; so that Rupert was but little advanced in actual knowledge of her character, when the party from Mr.

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Vanderhoven's came by appointment to pay their compliments at the Parsonage.

The little Julian leaped at once upon his brother's knee; Muhldenau courteously addressed the Franciscan; while Mr. Vanderhoven, taller and straiter than usual, walked direct up to Meeta, presenting his nephew to her afresh, and as though it were their first meeting.

In fact, this was nearly the case to both: for during the agitations of the preceding day, neither of them had a thought or feeling to spare from the painful interest excited by Madame Roselheim: now, the memory of Eustatia possessed them wholly.

Aremberg's colour went and came, his words entangled themselves, and his voice hoarsened; he tried to utter a short expression of pleasure at the effect of four years upon the growth and appearance of his friend Meeta, but the effort was too much for him. With a quivering lip, and eyes that durst not

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raise themselves for fear the tears should drop from them, she answered she hardly knew what, adding something about her hope that he was come to stay amongst his early friends.

Aremberg, without answering, walked away to a window, while Meeta, subduing her own lesser emotion, although that was great, prevented his uncle from following him, by asking some question concerning a new plant. As she kept him in pleased conversation, her glance now and then sought the forlorn Aremberg: she observed that Rupert's eye had the same direction with her own, and with an expression of such piercing commiseration, as had spoken in it, while bent upon his mother the day before. That charming countenance resumed its sweet smilingness again, while it bowed to the little Julian, who was trying to reach it with a kiss.

Looking thus at the brothers, and rapidly recapitulating all the merits

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of the elder one, Meeta was already gone — unconsciously gone — "ages in love." But who may arraign the inexperienced and virtuous heart, which yielded itself, not to the sudden impression of novel beauty, not to the idea of Fame surrounding, and Fortune waiting the object of its admiration, though all these advantages were in truth Rupert's, either in possession or prospect, but to a succession of touching proofs that the person she contemplated, united tenderness and nobleness in all his principles, all his feelings, all his actions, in a degree rarely equalled; that cruelly wronged, he was yet only solicitous to spare; and that loving his mother with a transport of filial affection, he still preserved that affection pure from the usual effect of such excess, and could give sympathy, fondness, and services, to every one whose situation or attachment demanded them.

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Rupert was in many points the reverse of Meeta's original ideas of manly perfection: there was a smiling character in his mind, as in his person, which was unlike her imagination of that lofty self-estimation, and proud fire, with which poets invest their successful heroes. It was equally unlike the fixed sadness and melancholy graces they bestow upon their unfortunate ones. The carelessness with which Rupert uttered sentiments of peculiar delicacy or greatness of soul, was quite unlike the point and effect given to such sentiments, by the writers of romance: — yet, still that very simplicity of manner, seemed in Rupert's person to bestow more nobility upon magnanimous conduct; and that habitually cheerful countenance, to give more effect to the occasional shades of profound feeling.

Meeta was not one of the first that has learned in a few short hours, to think all

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their former ideal notions of the amiable and the beautiful, wrong, by comparison with another and a living excellence.

If Meeta's young heart might be thought to blaze too hastily and strongly, let it be remembered that the materials for its fire had been the gradual collection of years; its foundation laid by the friend she loved, and the father she revered; and that these two honored objects, nay, every inhabitant of Mariendorpt, had contributed to increase and kindle the pile, till it wanted only a breath to blow it into flame. Rupert's arrival under such peculiarly interesting circumstances, and his immediate confidence in Meeta herself, were all-sufficient for this purpose: and mistaking this pure though dangerous fire, for the mere glow of merited and authorized sympathy, Meeta sought not to extinguish, much less to moderate it.

Intent on her own thoughts, Meeta unconsciously ceased to be a very enter-

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taining companion to Mr. Vanderhoven; but the good gentleman was satisfied with her taciturnity, when he saw her eye turned once or twice towards his nephew. Rupert broke up their *tête à tête*, by requesting Meeta would go and learn whether his mother could receive him and Julian, in her own room, as they had agreed the preceding night? Then gently disengaging himself from the latter, by transferring him to Muhldenau's favourite cat, on the easy-chair, joined Aremberg at the window.

On Meeta's return from her embassy, she found the friends were gone out into the garden; and there she sought them. They met in the covered walk: Rupert's countenance was much saddened, and Aremberg's eyes flushed and heavy. Meeta delivered the message that Madame Roselheim was waiting her son, and was going to follow Rupert into the house again, but Aremberg stopt her,

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and taking her hand within his cold and agitated one, said in a stifled voice,

"I thought time had made a greater alteration in my feelings, Meeta! but this place, that I have never seen since that sad period; your father who was to have joined our hands — yourself, Meeta! — every tree — every stone in Mariendorpt make it seem as if it happened but yesterday. That large white-lilac yonder, that you used to call her bower, it is as fresh, while she — my poor Eustatia!" Aremberg put his hand hastily over his face, as he broke off these disjointed words, and respecting his grief, Meeta walked in silent sympathy of sighs, by his side.

After a turn or two, Aremberg recovered himself, and drying his eyes, said more cheerfully, "Do not grieve thus for me, Meeta, I should have hated myself had I not felt thus: thank God my heart is so true to her dear memory!" Had Mr. Vanderhoven been by, perhaps

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he would have read in this last expression, a hope for the future. It was uttered in the presence of the lovely creature he secretly destined for him, to replace Eustatia, and why, if Aremberg had not already felt some sensation which resembled a beginning preference for a living object, should he congratulate himself as for an unexpected good, upon the continued existence of his regret for her now numbered with the dead!

Meeta, however, was too deep in concern for others, to think of tributes to herself. She answered Aremberg only by a pressure of the hand, and a silent gush of tears; and aware that conversation upon the subject of their mutual sorrow was not calculated to restore either to the composure necessary for attention to their other friends, she withdrew into a different walk, where her agitation by degrees subsided, and then she rejoined the party in the parlour.

Rupert and Julian of course were gone

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to Madame Roselheim; but Muhldenau was courteously displaying the contents of his small library, to his stranger-guest; offering him its free use, and frequently opening volumes which could not fail to excite the keen appetite of the scholar and the antiquarian.

While making the tour of his friend's books, Mr. Vanderhoven discovered that Father Joachim was a perfect botanist, and having a smattering of the science himself, he eagerly solicited the latter's assistance in the prosecution of his study. The Franciscan seemed pleased with an opportunity of conferring a favour upon his host; and descanting for a while upon the utility of Botany, rather than its pleasurableness, passed on to the examination of fresh volumes.

The two principal figures as they stood, might have afforded a happy subject for the pencil: they were well contrasted and relieved by each other. There was harmony in the black cassock of Muhldenau,

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and the grey habit of the Franciscan; the colouring and flowing forms of both draperies were what a painter's eye had approved: while the mild melancholy of the Protestant minister's brow, from which the white locks parted in primitive simplicity, heightened the stronger effect of the taller Franciscan's shorn head, piercing eye, and acquiline features. Mr. Vanderhoven's unlucky costume, between Dutch and French, and his bolt-upright figure, (more like the effigy of a man, than one really capable of speech and action,) rendered him wholly incapable of picturesque elevation. Meeta would have substituted for his, the young and military figure of Rupert; but as this fancy crossed her, her thoughts took another turn, and she soon became absorbed in consideration of what must then be passing in the breast of Rupert and his mother.

The survey of the book-cases over, Muhldenau called upon Meeta to show

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her bees and her dairy. Meeta obeyed. Father Joachim's practical knowledge of Natural History enabled him to give her some valuable instructions respecting the treatment of her little colony, and Meeta listened to him with a docility which evidently gratified his unconscious love of dictation. In the dairy, it was Mr. Vanderhoven's turn to shine. He admired the plenty and order to be found there: extolled the lustre of the white china tiles with which it was lined; protested they were like alabaster; and called upon his nephew, who had silently joined them, to remark their exquisite cleanliness, as though Meeta herself were to be honoured for the ablutions of her dairy. Meeta gave the praise to its right owner, to Esther: — but Mr. Vanderhoven's enthusiasm was unquenchable. "Every thing here," he exclaimed, "smells so like May-flowers! so sweet, so fresh! and these cream-cheeses, Miss

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Meeta — I think you must have made them."

"You are quite right, Sir," replied she simply; "I made them for my father and for you. This is meant for your supper-table, as soon as it is out of its vine-leaves;" uncovering the ripest one, as she spoke.

Mr. Vanderhoven was all overwhelmed and gratified; and seemed half inclined to eat a cheese upon the spot, in testimony of his gratitude: but contenting himself with significantly assuring her, that he would treat Mauritius to part of her present, he proceeded to give Father Joachim an elaborate explanation of the virtues of vine-leaves when applied to cream-cheese.

The latter listened with much patience, though Meeta remarked, that he often cast a disturbed, wistful look towards the house where he had left his little charge. She could not guess the injurious nature of his anxiety, otherwise, perhaps, re-

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sentment would have superseded sympathy.

The Franciscan was again delivered up to those sinister imaginations, that had tormented him during his first interviews with Rupert: but now the object of these suspicions, was Madame Roselheim, of whom he had seen nothing except that agitating seizure at sight of the child, which might as probably be produced by violent passions, as by tender ones. It is true, all he had experienced from the new persons amongst whom he found himself, was respect and amenity; but what was to assure him of Madame Roselheim's forbearance towards the child of her happy rival! How was he to expect such a miracle of Christian forgiveness in a heretic? How could he be certain that she was not at this very moment wreaking her vengeance upon the unoffending Julian, by actions and words of violence as terrifying as injurious? With such thoughts filling his mind, Father Joachim

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failed to discern that Meeta's dairy smelt like a hawthorn in flower; or to discover, when he entered the garden, that Muhldenau's bed of choice tulips was like what Mr. Vanderhoven compared it to, a sheet of parti-coloured foil; but he quickly recovered his powers of perception, when he caught the welcome sight of the little Julian coming prattling and playing under the latticed vine-walk, between Rupert and his mother.

When Madame Roselheim came up to the party beside the tulip-bed, she glided from her son to the Franciscan, and immediately addressed him with that winning courtesy which distinguished her amongst strangers, and to which was superadded now, a benevolent anxiety to dispel any apprehensions he might entertain of her good-will towards his helpless charge. None who had seen that softly-pensive countenance, and heard that persuasive voice which seemed to owe its touching tone rather to ten-

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derness than sadness, could have imagined that not half an hour before, she was struggling with remembrances and anticipations, which tore her heart asunder; that as she sealed her quivering lips upon the innocent brow of the child, — that brow so like his father's! — she tore them away again, conscious of a feeling which in her pure eyes appeared to partake of guilt. Rhinegravestein was the willing husband of another, and as such, divided from her imaginary endearments, by a gulph impassable. The resemblance of this boy to him, the idea of the woman to whom her rights and happiness had been transferred for so many years, the present leisure survey of Julian's whole person, brought the Past, with crueller force before her; and long and bitter had been the inward conflicts which followed.

But such excessive regrets once yielded to, and once conquered, their violence in her matron breast was conquered for

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ever; and when she came forth with Rupert, to conduct the bewildered child to its governor, she came resigned to all the trials of her own destiny, and solicitous to soothe the lesser ones of another.

For this purpose she approached the Franciscan, and abstaining alike from reference to either of their private feelings, sought to win his confidence by a gratifying interest in the subjects he chose to discuss. When she saw that he listened, and talked to her with less embarrassment than at first, she then spoke to him in a lower tone, expressing the gratitude she felt for his skilful and benevolent care of her invalid son, and requesting instructions with regard to that dear son's diet and exercise, and general mode of treatment. After receiving the Franciscan's advice on that subject, she said softly, "We must endeavour to pay our debt of gratitude, in kindness to your interesting little charge: I sus-

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peet that way would be the most pleasing to Father Joachim." The monk assured her she was right; and said so, with more urbanity, though as much emphasis, as usual: yet he slackened his pace, and showed evident signs of uneasiness at the prospect of a particular conversation with her. Mr. Vanderhoven and Muhldenau relieved his fears by walking up to them: general topics then ensued. Meeta, however, noticed, that whenever Madame Roselheim looked another way, the Franciscan's searching eyes fixed themselves upon her, with a scrutiny which her friend might have dreaded for any other human countenance than that of Rupert's mother; and that after each survey, the severity of his, relaxed.

She was called away from these observations, by Julian's request for leave to pluck a jonquil. This granted, the enraptured little creature ran off with it to

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his governor, leaving her in company with Rupert and Aremberg.

The trio stopt a moment to remark the endearing sportiveness of the child as he hung on the Franciscan's amice, alternately hiding his sweet face in its folds, and kissing them with sudden fondness. The fostering look of the latter was not unmarked by them. Rupert commented on it with kindly pleasure; remarking how much more the heart is won to love, by the tender, than by the sublime expressions of the human face; and how greatly, therefore, Father Joachim's countenance gained in attractiveness, whenever it was thus softened from its ordinary character of purely powerful intellect.

Meeta's lifted eye unconsciously, though intensely, fixed upon the speaker, would have told any other man, that he had just discovered to her the secret of his own charming power: but Rupert's

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eyes were still upon the groupe in which the Franciscan stood; though now they rested solely on the figure of his mother.

After musing awhile upon his friend's remark, Aremberg, suddenly kindled with it, as he was sometimes wont to do, and pursuing his thoughts aloud, burst forth in one of his fullest and finest flows of the soul.

If in supporting the truth of Rupert's observation, the young divine ventured to bring as a proof, that the Saviour of mankind came to seek and to save his own, under the form of mildest beauty, and of softest gentleness; — if he urged that the meek Jesus employed only words of tenderness when he might have used the thunders of power; and that he sanctified our weakest sympathies by the tears he shed over that very Lazarus, whom he knew himself about to raise from the dead; if, in dwelling on this heavenly picture, and giving full utterance to the love, the gratitude, the enthusiasm it in-

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spired, Aremberg forgot the place he was in, and the time that passed, he may well be forgiven; for, except by the interchange of glowing and speaking looks, his two companions gave no interruption to the current of his eloquence. They continued to walk by his side up and down the trellised walk, undisturbed by the rest of their party, who, catching the sound of Aremberg's voice as they were approaching, and observing the kindled expression of his countenance, knew that he was speaking upon some subject of peculiar interest, and turned aside, by Madame Roselheim's suggestion, that they might not extinguish his bright moment.

Never before had Meeta listened even to Aremberg with so much delight. Never before, she thought, had she felt her heart so stirred and filled with the noblest impulses of devotional feeling: but never before, had she felt those impulses so mixed into one, with those of another admi-

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rable fellow-being. What she experie
while listening by the side of her
Madame Roselheim, to the discours
her father on similar subjects, was
different from her present emotion:
much reverence, both for the teacher
the companion, seemed to detain s
of her thoughts to earth. Now,
fancied that perfect sympathy, the c
sequence of equal years, assisted her so
ascent to heaven.

Misjudging Meeta! Never had t
soul been rapt by such a transport of
light, on view of mortal excellen
Never had it lingered so fondly, thou
so innocently, round one earthly obje

When Aremberg ceased to speak, i
from having exhausted his subject, b
from the very increase and rapidity
the ideas thronging on him, Meeta co
tinued silent, occupied by many an a
miring thought of the young and a
mated soldier, who at the age of thoug
less pleasure, knew how to value t

unwordly merits of such a character as Aremberg's. Her taken heart, turning all things to the sole advantage of one object, passed by the person at that moment most worthy of admiration, with only a brief though earnest tribute, and centered all its fervors upon his friend.

Turning to address Rupert when her musings were over, she was surprised to see his face paler than ever, and his brow contracted: ere she could remark on these appearances, the convulsive pressure of his teeth upon his under lip, and the unconscious grasp he gave his side, showed her that he was seized with some violent pain.

Her instant question of alarm, though answered cheerfully by him, roused Aremberg, who knew by the now-rapid changes of his friend's complexion, that he was beginning to suffer from one of those paroxysms to which his hurt had made him subject, whenever too strongly excited or greatly fatigued; and urging

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him to retire into the house awhile, he hurried him away.

Seized with undue alarm, and unconscious of what she was about, Meeta obeyed the impulse of the moment; and as she ran to meet Madame Roselheim, who smilingly asked, what she had done with her son? answered hastily, "I fear he is not very well; he and Mr. Aremberg are gone into the house, by the side-walk."

Madame Roselheim was in that walk the next instant.

Unskilled in the new affection that was rapidly possessing itself of her whole being, it is not surprising that Meeta should not remark the preference she was thus giving the son over the mother; but it was strange that Madame Roselheim did not observe it. Influenced solely by feelings of friendship for both, Meeta would have spared Madame Roselheim the pain of witnessing Rupert's passing pangs, since even her presence could not diminish them: but now, she

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thought only of affording him the comfort of finding his mother near him; and she therefore forgot the feelings of her, whose feelings had till this hour, been her first consideration.

No sooner were the rest of the party informed of Rupert's indisposition, than they hastened from the garden to the house, Father Joachim the first, anxious to see and succour his amiable patient. He went directly into the room where the latter was now resting on his mother's shoulder, quite incapable, from acute pain, to attempt calming her fears; the others were excluded; so that poor Meeta was obliged to wait the reappearance of Aremberg, ere her apprehensions were quieted.

The duration of Rupert's seizure was short in proportion to its sharpness, and his friends were not long of being comforted by the certainty that it had passed away. His physician, however, having ordered him into temporary

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banishment until he should recover fro
the state of exhaustion in which the
fits left him, he did not appear among
them again, till the day was far ad
vanced.

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CHAP. XI.

After this period, the residents at Mr. Vanderhoven's and the Parsonage, might be said to live in common. The Franciscan came daily to Rupert in quality of his physician, and Rupert in return visited him as his friend. Every day took something from the former's constraint and prejudice. He saw so much peace and kindness in both families; such unaffected good-will for every one within their influence; such extensive usefulness in Muhldenau and Madame Roselheim, and such ungrudging liberality in Mr. Vanderhoven; that it was impossible for him to believe such persons, merely "tinkling brass, and sounding cymbals."

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The simplicity of their pleasures, touched him, who held court pleasures in abhorrence; and who was yet forced to hear of them daily under the roof of Julian's father, where the proud Countess picqued herself upon assembling all the luxuries of taste and wealth, in the form of the most splendid decorations, the most brilliant society, the most enchanting music, and the quickest succession of novelties. The recreations of the Parsonage, rarely exceeded a walk all together, of a fine afternoon into the country; or a syllabub drank at some pretty farm-house; or a book read aloud in the stillness of evening. Mr. Vanderhoven's were on a larger scale: a plentiful table, with as many friends and travellers round it as he could collect, (for Mr. Vanderhoven was hospitality itself;) parties on the canal in his handsome barge, preceded by wind instruments in another; and occasional excur-

sions in his roomy Calèche, to the noteworthy objects throughout the province.

Curious in his collection of exotics, and thirsting to acquire the fame of a Linnæus, he afforded Father Joachim the pride of instructing an elderly gentleman of fifty-five; and thus in some measure of paying his debt of obligation. The polite formality of Mr. Vanderhoven, by imposing many restraints upon his conversation, rendered his society easy to Father Joachim, who was at first apprehensive of curious questionings, or at least of offensive remarks respecting the characters of those he served. He was agreeably surprised to find that he had wronged a Dutch merchant's manners, as deeply as he had done his heart, when he thus prepared himself for discourtesy to a stranger thrown upon his hospitality. Mr. Vanderhoven was well-bred, from benevolence of mind. That zealous hospitality for which he was celebrated, quickened his observation of

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every individual's wants or peculiarities; and speedily remarking that the extreme simplicity of Father Joachim's habits, both for his pupil and himself, greatly circumscribed the power of obliging them in their own persons; and discovering that the Franciscan gave advice to, and gathered simples for the peasants, he made it his petition that his skilful guest would proceed in so benevolent an occupation, and command from his house, whatever else of food, and foreign drugs, might be required to assist less experienced remedies.

Accustomed to ask, and to receive for the poor, this act of kindness Father Joachim accepted with dignified composure: but when his over-earnest host hinted at the pleasure he should have, in supplying any pecuniary wants of the Franciscan himself, who being now in a strange country under circumstances that rendered intercourse with distant resources impracticable, might therefore

be trammelled by the want of money, a deep red, rose to Father Joachim's very temples.

"No, Sir!" he said, with a mixture of haughtiness and strong feeling "I cannot bring myself to accept more than I am daily doing, for the son of the Count Rhinegravestein, or for myself. The peculiarity of our relation to some persons here, — make their kindness, — yours, my dear Sir, who do it for their sake — an obligation, I had almost said, a burthen, heavy enough to bear, without adding others to crush us in the dust: — heap no more on us, I pray!"

Mr. Vanderhoven never mentioned the subject again; he was awed by his guest's manner, into an idea that he had really committed a sin against delicacy of feeling, and showed by a humbled air long afterwards, that he thought so. No prejudice could resist such genuine goodness: Father Joachim's testimonies of esteem, increased in proportion to his

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host's show of contrition. Of the minister of Mariendorpt, he was longer of forming a just estimate; yet had Providence stamped the benevolence of Muhldenau's heart, upon his mild and benign lineaments: it was a face that invited you to love, and to live with it. But he was a Protestant minister; and the conscientious member of a less tolerant church, thought that title sufficient to authorise suspicious observation.

Attracted by the same taste for science, and for those curiosities of learned research, not generally interesting, their intellectual intercourse was great; but that of their hearts, was fettered by the cautious reserve of the Franciscan's: he was always upon the watch for some look or word, indicative of Muhldenau's subtle purpose of dropping the seeds of that religion into the mind of the little Julian, which he was supposed to have successfully planted in that of the child's brother; so that he never enjoyed in his

society, the repose of spirit which he did with others. During his journey with Aremberg, Father Joachim had seen enough of him, to rely upon his promise of not attempting to make any impression upon the infant mind of Julian, after his governor should be forced to quit Holland: and he congratulated himself, therefore, that Julian would be left under his immediate care, rather than under that of Muhldenau, whose age and ostensible duties, were likely to render him, more zealous in the attempt of making converts.

Of all the persons amongst whom he lived, Madame Roselheim was the one that most troubled and perplexed Father Joachim. Unable to deny her admiration for her tender notice of his young charge, or to withhold respect and affection from her general goodness to others, and her delicate forbearance to himself: for never did she allude to her wrongs from his patron, nor seem to court ap-

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plause for her patience under them: — still he thought the spirit of resentment must lurk somewhere; and that an otherwise-excellent woman might well cloak it even from herself, under the garb of religious zeal, and lend her aid therefore, to instil Protestant principles into the child of her injurers. That act achieved, would indeed be a signal vengeance; since the Countess of Rhinegravestein was as ostentatiously proud of her devotion, as of her rank and influence: earning the character of a good Catholic, by the most pompously scrupulous observance of all her church's ceremonies.

Occupied with doubts and difficulties like these, Father Joachim lingered on for three whole weeks, uncertain what course were best for him to pursue; whether to go and quiet the alarm of Julian's parents, and assist in negotiating his exchange, or stay to protect him, and watch his guardians. His heart clung to the

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child, and his piety made him consider that not even liberty should be put in competition with the soul's welfare: thus prompted, both by religion and affection, he came to the resolution of trusting what he had to say, in a letter, instead of going to communicate personally with his patron; and hearing of a friar at Utrecht, who was bound for that part of Germany, occupied by the Bavarian troops, he quickily arranged with him to take and deliver the packet either to the Count of Rhinegravestein himself, or to some Imperial officer who would guarantee its ultimate safety.

But ere he ventured on this step, Father Joachim stooped to enquire whether Mr. Vanderhoven would extend hospitality to him, for the indefinite period of Julian's captivity.

The answer was prompt and kind; and the genuine pleasure expressed by the family at the Parsonage, when they understood that the Franciscan's stay was

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to be prolonged, thawed some of his bosom's ice. As the venerable minister of Mariendorpt pressed his hand, with a frank confession of the comfort it gave him for the sake of their yet-suffering friend Rupert, and for the responsibility concerning Julian, from which it relieved them all, even Father Joachim's stubborn prejudice melted before the warm evidence of truth.

Muhldenau was indeed sincere: for, in addition to the reasons thus given, he had that of hoping, that by a protracted residence amongst them, the Franciscan would be so impressed with the uncomplaining dignity, and Christian meekness, with which Madame Roselheim supported her undeserved misfortune, and so touched by her spontaneous tenderness for the child of her rival, that on his return into the domestic circle of Rhinegravestein, he would unconsciously, or intentionally, awaken him to repentance of his crime against this injured

woman. Beyond sorrow for past transgression, and possibly some laudable attempt to restore Rupert's birth-right, Muhldenau supposed the Count of Rhinegravestein's penitence, neither would, nor could go: the ordinances of his church, and the decrees of his sovereign, made him now, the lawful husband of another; the wife of his youth, therefore, could never again receive earthly joy from him, except that only, for which Muhldenau knew she longed and prayed, the joy of knowing him contrite, and reconciled to his God.

These thoughts gave double force to the expression of courteous pleasure, with which the good minister congratulated himself, upon retaining the companionship of Father Joachim at Mariendorpt, and the latter left him, therefore, to write his letter for Rhinegravestein, in a mood highly favourable to Muhldenau's views.

This letter dispatched, the Franciscan

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seemed to settle himself more contentedly in domestic intimacy with the two families, upon whose friendship accident had thrown him: and if his sudden and not unfrequent relapses into suspicion, now and then threw a chill over them all, his respectable habits of tranquil abstinence from every thing forbidden by his religion; his unwearied diligence in seeking out those of his church, however distant, to whom he could administer spiritual aid; his charitable exertions for the sick and suffering of other persuasions; and above all, the high honour with which he refrained from endeavouring to win the sheep from the minister of Mariendorpt's fold, these things contributed to elevate and fix him in the estimation of his village friends.

The little Julian meanwhile grew upon every one's affection: his health was just delicate enough to interest, but not to afflict; and that circumstance, joined to his situation of a prisoner in a foreign land, his

helpless age, and loving disposition, endeared him to all who saw, or served him. Even Esther, stoutly as she persevered in her rash resolution of never waiting on him, eyed his gentle sports with complacency; and when she saw him, with pretty playfulness, embracing his brother's or Madame Roselheim's feet, and heard his innocent voice uttering words of fond endearment, even she would suspend her bitterer thoughts, and inwardly exclaim, "Would to God you were, indeed, his brother! indeed, her child!"

Next to Rupert, Julian said he loved Meeta: but by a strange perverseness, the very being whom every other person would have beguiled him from, he sought with childish pertinacity, and indefatigable fondness. Even this young creature seemed to delight in the mixed feelings of veneration and love which Madame Roselheim was born to inspire: and, at any time while romping joyously with

Meeta, or roguishly stealing out Mr. Aremberg's place-marks from a book, or watching Rupert making him fleets and encampments of paper, he would fly to Madame Roselheim, if she appeared, and nestle in her arms.

Sometimes Madame Roselheim seemed in that elastic state of spirit which enabled her to resist sadness, and to meet his caresses with animated sweetness. But there were other moments, when Rupert's and Meeta's watchful eyes saw the faintness of a sick soul spread over her features, and her limbs become suddenly powerless.

At such times, when Aremberg's compassionate eye made the same observation, he would say to himself, "This is, indeed, the heart's martyrdom!" but he could not wish the trial unmade, which so exemplified and perfected the virtues of such a woman.

If a friend's sentiments were thus animated, what were those of a son, and of

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the young creature who had been accustomed to consider Madame Roselheim with a daughter's enthusiasm? They talked of her together, till each believed that their companion had not room for any other object in their heart;—one, alas, too soon learnt the contrary!

Meeta's unsuspected attachment for Rupert, was daily gaining accessions from those peculiar circumstances, which had developed in three or four short weeks, more of his temper and principles, than ordinary events would have brought to light in as many years.

The patience with which he endured his irksome incapacity of using our most useful limb; the cheerfulness with which he resumed social occupations, after the most violent paroxysms of his internal injury; the little attentions, which his situation authorised from those who lived with him; and above all, the gracious thankfulness with which he received

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kindness, gave a charm to his higher virtues. Meeta could not suspect the dangerous nature of her own feelings, when she saw those of others lead to the same actions, and prompt, seemingly, the same wishes. Every one that might do so, sought the place where Rupert was to be found, as the affectionate do their home, and the pleasure-seeking, their holiday: he was always sure to be found in a mood either to give or to receive pleasure. So various were the capacities of his character, that he could take a real interest in the discourse of his simplest visitor, without needing to affect a lifeless one; and kindly desirous of multiplying other persons' enjoyments, he would confess ingenuously his own minor inclinations, solely to gratify his friends with the power of gratifying him.

Thus, as he loved flowers, Julian's early walks with his governor were enlivened by the hope of finding some

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lingering violet or primrose with the dew yet on its leaves, with which he might earn a kiss on his brother's rising: he liked fruit; and even the calm Muhldenau made that day a *jour de fête*, when he could present his suffering guest with the first strawberries.

Happy, happy they, to whom such simple offerings are dearer than gold or gems! happy, happy they also, who know when they make them, that their presents are stamped with the heart's value! What are all the pleasures invented by luxury and art, sought amongst crowds, and bought for money, or by low servility, when compared with the pure and peaceful joys of simplicity and nature? What are they, to the domestic hearth, surrounded by faces familiar as our own, and by hearts long tried and trusted! What are they, even to the kind greeting of affectionate neighbours, amongst whom we hope to live and die?

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Rupert, as he shared in the tranq and blameless enjoyments of Mariendor after living amid the storms, and d ger, and vices of a camp, wondered t he had felt those enjoyments insipid the days of his boyhood: he now tast all their freshness; discovering in ma of Muhldenau's occasional visitors fro the Hague, or the great commerci towns, that the characters of the indust ous merchant and the man of letters, t courtier and the philanthropist, may ofte be united in the same person.

If amongst the former, he found non that might be said to equal the distin guished character of the British mer chant, he discovered many, only inferio to such; and amongst the latter, not few, worthy the honour of belonging to country which produced de Witt and th patriot Princes of Orange.

The wives and daughters of the Hol landers were not likely to endanger Rupert's peace. Their large, *blond*

comeliness, was not suited to his taste; and their limited cultivation did not invite him to much mental intercourse: but he liked their modest kindliness of manner, and he truly respected their domestic virtues. Meeta's higher order of intellect, seemed ill-assorted with such companions; even her stile of beauty, was of a kind to render theirs more insipid. Rupert was often startled at the momentary impressions she made on him, when that youthful beauty was all awakened by some powerful feeling of enthusiasm or pleasure; or when it receded under the more interesting shades of tenderness and pity. These passing glows of admiration were however, too brief to alarm the heart in which they kindled; and if while they lasted, a more speaking look, or a more thrilling tone of voice, made every nerve of Meeta's frame vibrate with strange joy, the sudden emotion of the one, as of the other, was speedily forgotten in the familiar playfulness of habitual intimacy.

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Rupert's stationary thoughts, his cares, his hopes, his projects, were as yet all his mother's; and blest, and blessing, he would often sit whole mornings with her alone, in her little work-room, reading aloud to her, while Meeta was occupied in making extracts from borrowed books for her father below.

During these private hours with her son, Madame Roselheim was frequently tempted to question him directly on the subject of his inclination for Adolpha Falkenberg: but as often delicacy restrained her. She respected the reserve even of her son, upon a subject like that. Such reserve, she thought, was honorable to him, whether he did or did not prefer Adolpha, whether he hoped for happiness by yielding to his attachment; or whether despairing, he tried to conquer it. The confession of a completely hopeless affection on his side, would be only giving a useless affliction to his mother, since a victory over it must entirely depend

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upon himself: and the confidence of a sanguine one, must necessarily require him to state his ground of hope, at the expence of Adolpha's secret. And how could he do this, when that secret was only guessed at by him, who would thus pretend to reveal it?

Under such impressions, it was impossible for a woman like Madame Roselheim to violate such laudable silence; and perfectly tranquil on the subject of Meeta, towards whom she saw him conduct himself with undisguised, therefore unalarming, affectionateness, she felt anxiety only for the peace and prospects of Meeta herself—this anxiety, however, was connected with Aremberg.

After the first shock of painful recollections was over, when every place was seen and every person met, that he had been accustomed to see and associate with during the period of his engagement with Eustatia, Aremberg recovered, at least outwardly, his usual tranquil

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sedateness: but although continually thrown in the way of Meeta by his assiduous uncle, who invented twenty plausible excuses in a week, to send him to the Parsonage, or to bring its inhabitants to them, he showed no symptom of infidelity to the memory of his early love. Yet he evidently sought Meeta's companionship of mind, if he displayed no peculiar ardour for her society; brought her the books he wished her to read, often tried to encourage her to attempt acquiring greater intimacy with the less frequented paths of learning, (for Aremberg made it a conscience to cultivate human intellect to the utmost,) sometimes kindly reproved her for hasty judgments, or undue enthusiasm; and frequently testified extreme pleasure when her opinions were singularly just and accordant with his own.

Such proofs of preference as these, Madame Roselheim thought, might perhaps be the only ones which ought to be

expected from a man under Aremberg's circumstances, and with his retired character.

[illegible]ta's sentiments towards him, however, certainly did not go beyond the liveliest esteem for his virtues, the highest respect for his acquirements, and the most animated pleasure in his society; and as she made open profession of such sentiments, they were little indicative of a wish to appropriate him to herself. But still upon such grounds, in a disengaged heart, a man might well hope to rear a true and perfect affection if he would take pains to cultivate it, and to demonstrate, while doing so, the warmth and purity of a true attachment on his side.

Few things, in Madame Roselheim's opinion, could promise greater happiness than a union from mutual inclination, between these two persons. Aremberg's sacred profession, his easy fortune, his sterling worth, and general estimation,

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the mere circumstance of his being a native of Holland and bound already to Mariendorpt by the ties of blood, the evident project of Mr. Vanderhoven with regard to Meeta, all these things, she knew, made it an object of secret desire to the excellent Muhldenau, as they did to herself; and she therefore willingly, though silently, lent herself to every little plan for throwing Meeta and Aremberg together.

Not a single apprehension with which her son was concerned, influenced the tender mother upon this occasion. Meeta's first remarks upon Rupert after his short visit of the last year, had left an erroneous impression upon Madame Roselheim's mind: she fancied that because this expressed opinion fell short of her own fond ideas on the same subject, it was decidedly unfavourable: and now, that Meeta's deepening sense of his virtues, now that her tenderer interest in his situation, and unconscious fear of dis-

playing it, gave a sort of apprehensiveness to her manner with him, that manner only appeared cold or indifferent; and Madame Roselheim therefore still believed her strangely insensible to the character, which captivated every other's affections.

Under this delusion, whatever kind offices Meeta performed for Rupert, his mother now considered as done, either for her sake, or out of pure good-nature; and such a fond mother might have felt chagrined at this imagined insensibility, had she not said to herself, "It is all as it should be: Meeta is to be quite dead to my Rupert's excellence, and blind to his graces, for some wise purpose! — Ah, if they were felt at all by such a heart as hers, it must be with an enthusiasm that would break the peace of both!"

Madame Roselheim did not remain long in this false security: a trifling circumstance gave her a glimpse of the

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truth; and from that moment her judgment was unerring.

She and Meeta were loitering in the garden one fine evening, (for it was the end of May,) enjoying the sweet exhalations from the flowering limes of the village, listening to the softened notes of a distant cuckoo, and waiting the return of Rupert from a day spent at Mr. Vanderhoven's, when, as they drew near the high honey-suckle hedge which divided one side of the garden from the common foot-road, the sound of Rupert's voice, speaking in a tone of persuasive earnestness, to some one with him, arrested their steps. The sobs of a child followed. "It is Julian!" exclaimed Madame Roselheim, and making her way through the flexible bushes, followed by Meeta, she hastened to enquire what had happened.

Rupert was too busily engaged with his young companion, to observe their approach, so that both ladies distinctly

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heard the kindly conclusion of that appeal against wanton barbarity, with which he had been awakening the conscience of a little nest-robber.

In fact, his companion was only a thoughtless boy, whom he had encountered in the act of descending a tree, with the eggs of some poor bird; and Rupert, disabled himself from climbing to restore them, was urging the culprit to make that restitution immediately.

"I am a man," he was saying, "and could take that nest from you, and beat you into the bargain; but I don't do so, because it would be cowardly in me, when you are not as strong as I am. Yet you, rob a poor bird of her young, that cannot defend herself: I dare say, however, that you did it without thinking; so go away, and let me see what you will do of your own free-will. — If you put the nest back, I'll shake hands with you, and say you're a noble fellow."

Thus stimulated and touched, the boy

ran to climb the tree again, and Rupert rising from the bending attitude in which he had been giving his lecture, perceived his auditors. A lively red instantly covered his face; yet not only his lips, but his eyes smiled, as with becoming confusion he shook back his clustering hair, and tried to say something slighting of his oratory, and its subject.

"Ever doing something kind, my Rupert! if but saving a bird's nest!" said his mother, in a tone between playfulness and the most penetrating tenderness, while she put her hand into his.

"You know I am so fond of the song of birds," was his reply, "that it is my interest to preserve" — He was interrupted by the rapid descent of the young penitent from the tree, where he had just replaced the stolen prize. His reward was claimed, and given; accompanied with a less fleeting testimony of approbation, in the shape of a couple of guldens, which Madame Roselheim gently blamed

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her son for bestowing; affirming, that it was not well to pay for a right action.

"True, my mother," replied the amiable Rupert, "but I wanted to create a pleasant association with a right action, in the boy's mind, all his life long:—as philosophers would say.—There's Meeta, looking as if she thought me very silly for turning into the knight-errant of sparrows and linnets." How could Rupert so mistake the expression of Meeta's meditative stillness!

"Foolish!" she repeated, glancing her eyes upon him, then turning them away, and walking swiftly back towards their home.

The tone in which that single word was uttered, would have thrilled a lover's heart; it seemed to palsy that of Madame Roselheim. For a moment, even thought itself seemed to be annihilated with her: but recovering the sudden shock, she looked at her son, to observe what effect Meeta's accent had upon him. To

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her unspeakable comfort she saw him watching the departing steps of the boy, as if still doubtful of his sincerity: so occupied, most likely, he had not heard the subdued voice, that had gone to her soul. Relieved in part by this circumstance, yet still in a state of unusual disturbance, this best of mothers, and truest of friends, followed the steps of Meeta, revolving in rapid succession, every probable misery to which an exclusive affection for her son, would lead; abandoned as he was by fortune, and attached and beloved, as she believed, elsewhere. A request from that son, that she would take his arm, interrupted her meditations; he joined her, little aware of the new anxiety created in her gentle breast, and prepared for a multitude of questions both from her and Meeta, on the trivial events of a whole day spent out of their society. But Meeta, after a few brief replies to repeated remarks, left the son

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and mother to support the conversation by themselves, and sunk into silence.

Yet was there nothing sad or abstracted in this silence. Never had she appeared more wakefully attentive to every word uttered by Rupert: and there was such a softness in her shaded dark eyes whenever she turned them towards him, and such a sweetness of expression in the smile hovering round her lips, that Madame Roselheim felt this was not the silence of a self-convicted, grief-foreseeing heart: too surely it was that of one unconscious of its fatal infection; and feasting on the contemplation of the excellence, that was fast proceeding to destroy its peace.

As Madame Roselheim marked the mute language of Meeta's eyes, a film seemed to fall from her own. What till this moment, she considered as testimonies of indifference, she now more justly received as proofs of an opposite feeling. All at once, a variety of trifling circumstances revived in her memory, corrobo-

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rating her present suspicions; and such a pang of pity for the unconscious Meeta, and of apprehension for her own blameless son, struck through the mother's heart, that it was with difficulty she mastered a cry of anguish. Stifling, however, every outward sign of emotion, she continued in conversation with Rupert as they proceeded up the garden towards the house.

Meanwhile Meeta said little: her thoughts were too delightful, to prompt speech. Calm as the unclouded sky, yet deep, deep as ocean, they reflected now, but a single image — the image of Rupert: and over that, her soul hung gazing in a trance of blissful satisfaction.

The incident which occasioned this intense feeling, was in itself trifling — to many persons it may appear ridiculous: but to Meeta, who had early learned from her sorrow-tried father, a trembling tenderness of care and compassion for every living thing, however minute in struc-

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ture; —to her, who was often shocked in otherwise excellent persons, by an indifference to suffering inflicted on the inferior creatures of the same Creator; — to her, whose too nice sensibility required perfect sympathy with the objects of its warmest affection; — to her, this unpremeditated display of genuine humanity in a cause so humble, and in a scene so private: — to her, this incident was as important as affecting; it coloured all the remainder of her life. Yet still did no consideration of self, mix with Meeta's delight, warning her that what she thus admired so intensely, she would soon wish to possess for ever. Solely wrapt in the contemplation of this perfect union of the amiable with the noble in the character of Madame Roselheim's son, she seemed to want no greater happiness than such contemplation continued; nor indeed to think that there was any other hour, beyond the present.

Rupert himself, broke up her reverie;

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a single briar-rose attracting his attentio
he ran to gather it, exclaiming, with
brother's tone, as he did so, "Let m
have the pleasure of giving you the fir
rose, Meeta; this has blown on purpos
I believe, to please you."

A damask rose would have looked pa
—or rather dull, at that moment beside th
cheeks of Meeta; they instantly flushe
their brightest bloom. At another tim
Madame Roselheim would have attribute
this flush to the quick sensibility of yout
attaining the object of some innocer
desire, (for Meeta passionately loved th
simple flower, because it reminded he
she said, of childish beauty,) but now sh
read her differently; and saw in the ju
glancing, then dropping eye of the latte
any thing except the sparkle of mer
girlish gratification. Her disturbed look
then sought those of her son: all in hi
sweet countenance was cheerful an
unshrouded; and re-assured by the ex

pression there, her anxiety centered on Meeta.

When they entered the house, the duties of their temperate supper-table, and the customary attendance upon her father, called Meeta forth again; so that the hour till prayer-time, passed in general conversation.

Of course Meeta wore the rose she was known to be so fond of, through the remainder of the evening; that was proper. It was to be expected, too, that she would pay the flower itself, the compliment of preserving it through the night, and wearing it at the breakfast-table: but Meeta appeared next day without it. Rupert loudly reproached her for this swift oblivion of the first-blown rose. She blushed, without replying. Madame Roselheim tried to attribute this blush to the natural confusion of one convicted of caprice or carelessness; but entering her young friend's room, some days afterwards by accident, she saw the sweetbriar

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—From which the flower had long fall
flourishing in a little china vase.

There was something painfully convi
ing, in this secret preservation of Rupe
present. If Meeta had worn it all d
and every day, living or dead, in her boso
or amongst her hair, Madame Roselhe
would have drawn no inference from su
childish show of regard, both for the giv
and the gift. But that instinctive sham
which is inseparable from the love of
modest heart, even when that heart
unconscious of its meaning, seemed
have been active here.

The observations of successive day
confirmed the fear this incident occ
sioned.

Madame Roselheim now observed, th
although Meeta did indeed rarely spe
of Rupert herself, she was breathless
attentive whenever others did; and th
when their whole party were seated tog
ther, either at their morning occupatio
or evening amusements, she was ev

awake to Rupert's employments; ready to assist him whenever his disabled arm required it, or to prompt Julian to do so; observant and quick, as though she had eyes all round her, and an ear sensible to the inaudible voice of unspoken wishes. She also, was the first to hear his step along the smooth path of the Mall if he were out; to distinguish his voice or figure amongst far off crowds; the first to know by his looks whether he were better or worse than the day before, and ever the last to linger where he remained, though silent and timid if placed by his side.

Madame Roselheim was dismayed when she completed this discovery: she wondered less at her own blindness heretofore, than at the continued unconsciousness of the poor victim herself, and of her father; and trusting in heaven that she was thus permitted to see this prepossession ere it had taken root in the young breast it threatened with such

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mistry, she resolved to use the only likely method of extirpating it at once, by confiding to Meeta, the suspected pre-engagement of her son's affections.

Never was Madame Roselheim's heart more cruelly torn than when she came to this resolution. Many a smothered regret of her own, many a self-condemning comparison, pleaded for the poor Meeta, whose love, in fact, was only the love of exceeding goodness under an engaging form.

To pity and pardon Meeta, therefore, but sorely to censure herself, was the fruit of these reflections. Madame Roselheim fancied that she ought to have foreseen this misfortune, (however unlikely, after Meeta's first feeling towards Rupert,) and that consequently, she ought to have provided against it, by confiding to her, if not the supposed attachment between Rupert and Adolpha, at least a mother's hope that such an event were probable. By this confidence,

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Meeta would have witnessed the daily developement of her young companion's endearing character, without danger; for so circumstanced, he would have been to her like the actual husband of another: and the certainty that the friend to whom her life owed half its happiness, and her mind its culture, was interested in the completion of an union so well-assorted; that certainty, would have left no room for love.

But who is there in this world of ever-varying circumstances, of complicated duties, and wide-stretching delicacies, that can exactly adapt every one of their actions so as to balance evenly and justly with each other? And where is that privileged mortal that dare say, "Ever have my right intentions produced the expected result." If such a mortal exists, more are they to be envied "than Solomon in all his glory."

This mortal, however, was not Madame Roselheim; who yet with purposes of the purest tenderness, and most disin-

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terested desire of securing honour and happiness to all around her; with a judgment unclouded by selfish wishes, (though fallible, in common with the best and wisest of mankind,) felt at this moment, guilty of half the misery she foresaw.

The severe punishment she inflicted upon herself, was her present determination: an opportunity of putting it into execution, occurred the very next day.

A letter arrived from Madame Krazau, acquainting Mr. Vanderhoven, that being now released from the business and indisposition which had jointly detained her in Denmark, she purposed beginning her journey for Alsace immediately; consequently might hope to claim his offered hospitality, not many days, perhaps hours, after the receipt of her letter. Madame Krazau added, that she prayed Mr. Vanderhoven would not, as he threatened, politely seek lodgings in any other house than his own, only to give her servants

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wider accommodation; they might be disposed of anywhere. The sole purpose of her visit, was to make acquaintance with the two families of the absent friends to whom Adolpha and she, owed their lives; and they begged Mr. Vanderhoven to believe, that they anticipated with equal pleasure, an introduction to the uncle of Mr. Aremberg, and to the mother of Rupert.

Aremberg entered Muhldenau's parlour with this letter, just as the clock-work Jemima, was departing with the well-burnished breakfast-board. He came to communicate the pleasure it had already given his worthy relation; and to enquire whether the Parsonage could afford a bed or two, however situated, in case Madame Krazau's suite should be too numerous for their power of accommodation.

The good minister had no hesitation in promising this; adding, with a kind glance at Madame Roselheim and his daughter, "Thou seest I do not care for

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what shifts I may put my housekeepers to; I only know that they will manage it, possible or impossible."

With an absence of mind unusual to her, Madame Roselheim added no courteous expression of alacrity, to this remark; she was solely occupied by the imaginations this expected arrival conjured up: Meeta had uttered an exclamation of pleasure; and while giving the same testimony of joy, a lively colour had started into Rupert's face. But whence this colour arose, whether from a lover's consciousness, or from merely pleasant surprise, his mother staid not to scrutinize; her business now, was all with the dreadless, delighted Meeta.

Calling on the latter to follow, while she hastened to arrange the means required, lest the travellers should come on them unawares, Madame Roselheim left the parlour with an air of cheerfulness, but an aching heart. Her domestic dispositions were soon made; and perhaps

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with less than her usual calm easiness: but as yet, her companion observed nothing uncommon in her friend's manner. Animated by the prospect of soon seeing the Danish ladies, whom Meeta already loved, because they were connected in her thoughts with the most affecting and noble passage of Rupert's life, the unconscious girl seemed winged with air, as she flew up and down stairs in execution of Madame Roselheim's orders. It being deemed advisable to have one better room vacant, to which the Franciscan and Julian might remove, if the former should revolt from the society of new persons, Meeta insisted upon vacating her's for this purpose; and having with Esther's assistance, completed the removal of her books and plants, she rejoined Madame Roselheim, who had now purposely stationed herself near a large wardrobe, with the ostensible object of taking out their best linen to honor the first dinner they should give to Madame Krazau, but the real inten-

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tion of thus avoiding Meeta's looks, while piercing, too probably, to her heart.

Never over a more homely task, was a more important communication made! Never one that caused greater suffering to the listener! long, long afterwards, did they form such a direful association in the memory of Meeta, that an involuntary shudder used to come over her, whenever her eye fell on a piece of snowy damask.

Meeta naturally talked of the expected visitors; and having joined in her expressions of pleasure and curiosity concerning them, her friend, with an emotion she could not command, but which might well be set down afterwards to maternal solicitude, asked Meeta whether she had not noticed the bright flushing of Rupert's face, on the mention of Adolpha? and without waiting reply, proceeded to make that comment herself, which she believed the poor Meeta incapable of doing.

Averting her face, while continuing

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to take out and replace napkins and table-cloths without seeing them, she went on with her purposed confidence; speaking as though all she said, were solely poured out in the fullness of a mother's heart, anxiously awaiting the moment which must decide the fate of her son.

Of Adolpha's supposed attachment, she never spoke, — but of that could Meeta doubt? She only talked of Colonel Roselheim's observation upon his nephew's evident admiration of her in Holstein; of the joy it would give herself to see the daughter of her generous uncle the wife of her son, provided she were, indeed, all she was represented; and of the probability that the mode of their first acquaintance might have inspired Adolpha with a tender interest in the youngest and handsomest of her preservers.

Madame Roselheim sighed deeply, more than once, when she touched upon the worldly advantages of their marriage;

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and tears visibly suffused her pitying eyes, as she said, "Had not his principles made him a wanderer for his mother's sake, dear Meeta, that mother would not at this moment suffer such cold calculations to enter into her views for her son's happiness. But they *must* enter now. My Rupert has no patrimony, except his profession; and in that, how cruelly is his advancement obstructed just now, when the finest prospects lay before him! — a worse disaster, might, at some future period, render him unfit to remain in the army, and then, what a consolation it would be to us all, to know he had a home, a competence, and a devoted wife to retire to!"

Madame Roselheim paused: already stiffened into the semblance of stone, Meeta remained in silent stupefaction of thought. But the words, *what a consolation it would be to us all,* continued ringing in her ear like a death-bell: why, she knew not.

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Never before had Meeta felt otherwise than elevated to transport, when associated by Madame Roselheim with her most intimate feelings; never before had she felt that more was believed of her sympathy, than it deserved: she was conscious that she ought to say something expressive of hope and gladness, yet her tongue cleaved to her lips; she knew she ought to look joyous, and she felt her life's blood drying up at its very source.

Without more than glancing over her face, Madame Roselheim saw that she was the colour of ashes: those invincible cheeks and lips, were then vanquished at last. What must be the agony that caused this! Meeta felt as if the grasp of death were at heart; but feeling all at once why it was so, shame and principle, even despair itself gave her strength to endure the mortal pang, and with a deliberate air and firm voice which astonished herself, she made some suit-

able remark, and asked some proper question.

It was far from her sorrowing friend's purpose, to probe the wound she was forced to touch: she wanted but to awake the sufferer's attention to it, not to alarm her with the idea that it was visible to every eye; nay not even did she wish to distress her with the thought of its being obvious to hers. After making a few observations upon the probability of Madame Krazau's justifiable opposition, and the conduct which her son must then pursue to cure himself of an attachment which would otherwise blight his life, and divorce him from its duties, Madame Roselheim thought her sad task finished: in this last part of her discourse she hoped she had given Meeta the best hints for *her* conduct under similar circumstances; and wishing to afford her time for reviewing and mastering her feelings alone, she invented some slight business for her in another quarter,

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and dismissed her with a forced, therefore exaggerated smile.

To the woeful eye of the departing Meeta, that smile seemed inhuman; but the next moment she said to herself, "No, no, — she suspects neither my presumption, nor my misery!" When she turned from the door, Madame Roselheim closed it after her: her own burthened heart gave way as she did so; and sinking into a seat, she yielded herself up to such an agony of compassion and self-blame, that had Meeta witnessed it, she would have been ready to expiate the guilt of that momentary resentment, at her honoured feet.

Meanwhile the unhappy girl hurried to her own more distant chamber, and fastening herself in, flung herself on her knees by her bedside, burying her face there, as if it were not covered sufficiently with her trembling hands. In this posture she meant to ask for assistance, and pardon from above; and she did pray at times: but her soul wandered from

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her prayers, to a multiplicity of distracting objects; to past and future events; to all that she had heard of this happy Adolpha Falkenberg, and all she ever remembered Rupert to have written of her.

Until this moment, the inexperienced, romantic Meeta, so far from being conscious of a desire to possess the affections of Rupert, never imagined the possibility of his heart requiring any other object, than his incomparable mother: therefore at first, she strove to quiet her own alarm at herself, by believing that her present anguish, arose either from the shock of finding him fall short of this high-raised opinion; or from her sisterly apprehension, that no new species of attachment, could be equally supported in his heart, by growing sentiments of admiration, of deep interest, and of tender remembrances, such as his dear and injured mother inspired.

But Meeta could not long "lay this flattering unction to her heart;" every throb

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of that distracted heart proved its fallacy. Amazed at her own sensations, she wrung her hands, repeatedly asking herself, how she could have suffered a sentiment to grow upon her unperceived, when it was so powerful as to render the bare mention of Rupert's marriage with another, torment insupportable.

The mere existence of such a sentiment in her, seemed to her guiltless eyes, a crime of the deepest dye: for to love the son, was to prove ungrateful to the mother; it was to repay by perfidiously-selfish wishes, the maternal cares and tenderness, and instruction of ten years: its aim, must be to disappoint that confiding friend's most cherished hopes; but its end, would be to disappoint her own: alas! to plunge her unsuspecting father also, in shame and sorrow!

This was the first moment of Meeta's short life, in which her principles had been put to the proof; the first time in which duty and inclination were at va-

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riance; and now was the time in which the faithful teachers of her youth, were to reap the full harvest of what they themselves had sowed.

To feel that there was any thing actually wrong in the indulgence of a sentiment, was to convince Meeta that she must resist, and overcome it. For her own sake she would have tasted a melancholy joy, in wasting life in admiration of one whom she believed matchless for excellence: sweet to her, would have been the penalty of such a dedication, the divorce of herself from every other profit and pleasure of existence: but as the daughter of the widowed Muhldenau, and the cherished nursling of Madame Roselheim, she owed duties to society, which demanded fulfilment; and as she hoped to share the happiness of eternity, with those she loved, so was she bound to perform such duties.

Other considerations too [illegible] upon her reason:—sh[illegible]ss; Rupert without [illegible]itance; [illegible] that

if even he did not prefer Adolpha, and by miracle (she thought) were to love her, fortune would as decidedly separate them then, as his pre-engaged affections separated them now. Though were he, with a heart yet to be won, the master of a secure competence, were his mother in that case avowedly anxious only for his happiness, then there might be folly in secretly nourishing an unsought preference, and a presumptuous hope, — but no guilt.

As it was, every thing cried out against it: gratitude to Madame Roselheim; tenderness for the best of fathers; regard for Rupert; and her own honour.

"Oh, that I had known of his attachment to this fortunate Adolpha!" she said, sighing deeply, "had I been told it at first, I should have accustomed myself to think of him as sacredly hers; and then this bitterness of regret would never have fastened upon my soul."

Habituated to conceal no important feeling from Madame Roselheim, Meeta's

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first distinct thought, after this rush of confused and hasty emotions, was to run and confess her present anguish and its cause, to this more than mother, and beseech her to find some mode of removing her from the dangerous society of her son. But a second reflection, shewed the indiscretion and selfishness of such an avowal, even if she should have power to make it. By making it, she would be adding a new sorrow to Madame Roselheim's many present anxieties, and past misfortunes; trammelling also, her delicate and pitying nature, in its shew of affection for Meeta's happier rival. Meeta felt, that as she had committed the fault, no other should share the punishment; and hoping that the actual sight of Rupert's passion for Adolpha, and the personal knowledge of so charming a creature as she supposed her to be, would sufficiently damp, and finally extinguish her own blameable wishes, she determined from this moment to shroud

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her secret from every eye, and if possible, to avert her own from it.

It is not immediately after we have determined upon a great sacrifice, or a painful effort, that we feel the burthen we have to bear: the first feeling, is satisfaction with ourselves for resolving what is right; and that feeling elates us for a while, beyond our true measure of strength. Meeta, in the full glow of this first feeling, dried her eyes, and came forth from her solitude, with a countenance beyond serenity — triumph was in it — and hastening to occupy herself, plunged at once into the midst of those many minor employments, to which home owes its tranquillity and comfort, and the individual who executes them, her consciousness of not living from day to day, in vain.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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